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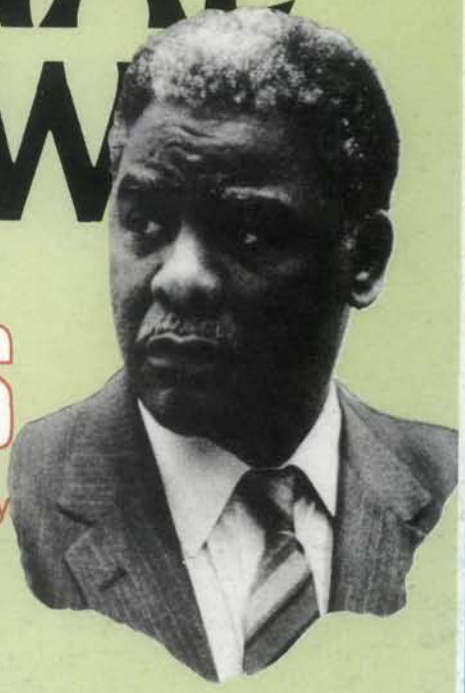
AUGUST 10, 1984

THE FERRARO FACTOR
An Editorial

NATIONAL REVIEW

HAROLD AND FRIENDS

H. N. Kelley



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The Indian Summer of Tibet

Francis B. Randall

THE DEMOCRATS ON HOW TO ACHIEVE PEACE

Frank Gregorsky

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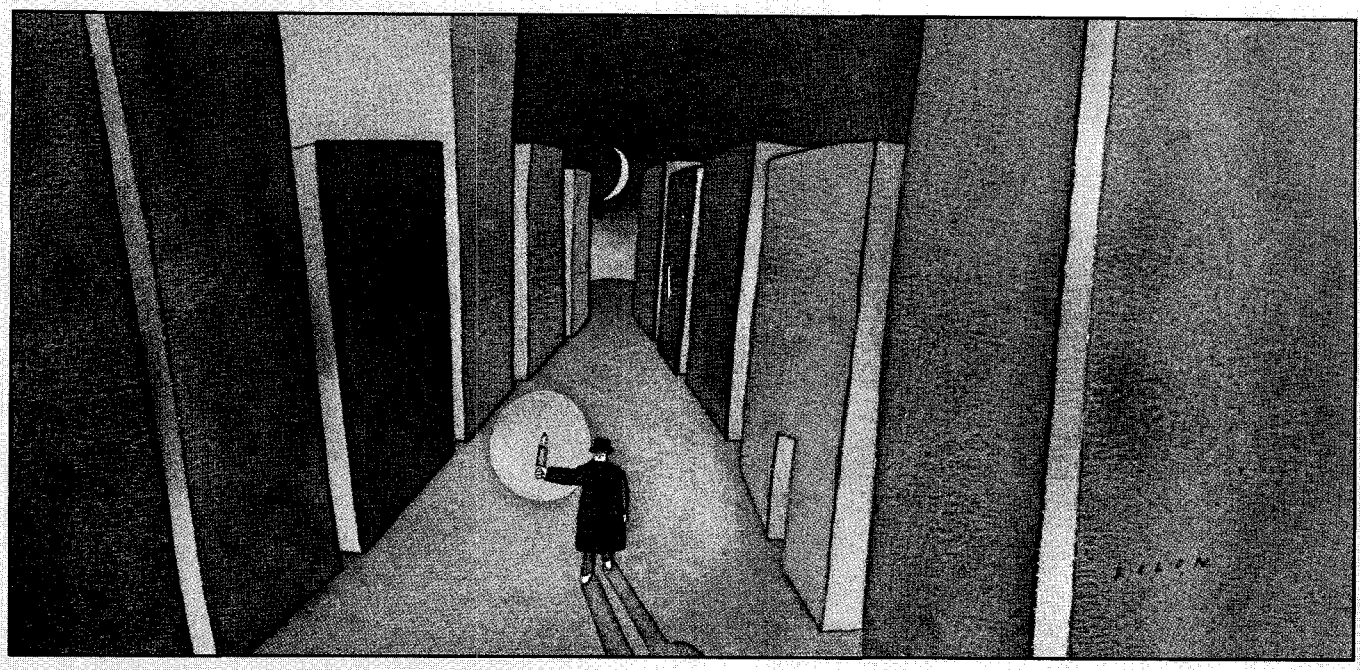


THE NEXT ENERGY CRISIS

Will we have enough electricity?

With our economy growing, we're using more electricity. Unless plans are made now to satisfy this demand, we could have electricity shortages in the early 1990s.

Although some utilities have recently had more than the minimum generating reserves, these reserves are shrinking. They could become inadequate as our need for electricity grows faster than the utilities can provide it.

For decades, our use of electricity has grown along with our GNP. This year, they're growing at about 8 percent; at just 3 percent growth per year, we'll need 50 percent more electricity by the year 2000—and twice as many power plants as we're building now.

The high cost of running short

Electricity shortages would have a serious impact on our lifestyles and our economy, reducing industrial output, driving industries into other countries, putting people out of work, and limiting our ability to compete worldwide.

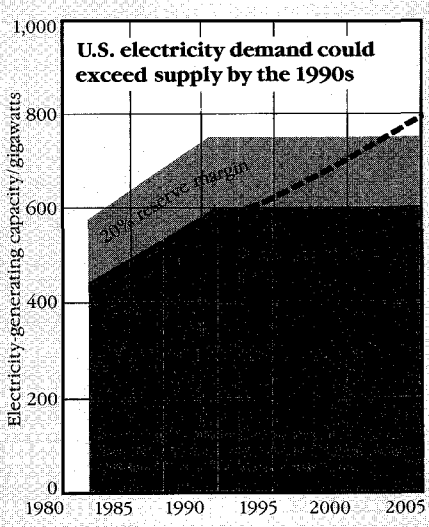
Some measures can postpone shortages, but they're costly:

- Delaying the retirement of older, less efficient plants
- Relying more on oil- and gas-fired turbines
- Importing more electricity

To *avoid* shortages, we need to finish the plants now under construction and plan for more new power plants—primarily coal and nuclear plants, since these use the economical domestic fuels that provide the capacity, economy, and security we need.

We're in a planning crisis

Due to energy crises, recessions and inflation since 1973, scores of coal and nuclear plants were canceled in the planning stage. Financial problems caused many utilities to cancel partially completed plants.



If demand for electricity continues growing at an average 3% per year (this year it's around 8%), in the 1990s the utilities' reserve margin could drop below the 20% necessary to assure a reliable electricity supply.

These plants and more will likely be needed to avoid electricity shortages in the 1990s. Yet utilities are faced with many obstacles and uncertainties.

Borrowing money for plant construction is increasingly difficult; state rate-setting procedures often discourage new capacity; opposition groups continue to block construction; Federal regulations continue to multiply, often causing the repeated tearing down and rebuilding of plant systems; and high interest rates and prolonged construction periods force electricity bills up.

These problems need to be solved through the understanding and cooperation of the industry, government, and the public. Only then will the utilities be able to take the steps needed to prevent electricity shortages and sustain a growing economy.

Free booklet tells more

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LETTERS

Wholly Terror

I was impressed by Miles Copeland's "Confrontations of the Third Kind" [July 27]. It had not occurred to me that terrorism is the final frontier of Soviet adventurism, but of course it makes sense that, as the cost of direct confrontation rises, the Soviets will seek out indirect, proxy battlefields. The problem is that this conflict is much more hidden and devious (which is another reason why the Soviets may prefer it). Thank goodness for Copeland and others such as Claire Sterling and Arnaud de Borchgrave, who expose the obscured life-and-death struggles going on around us. There may come a day when people will actually look back on Vietnam with longing—for the days when the enemy was, if not static, at least visible.

The article also solidified my support for the graduated deterrent—that is, the ability to apply a counter-force at all levels (not just nuclear) of Soviet aggression. In light of the evidence of a terrorist "war," it is clear that we need an anti-terrorist counter-offensive.

I cannot agree, however, with Copeland's diminution of terrorism as a moral outrage. As in any war, the aggressor bears the onus of the blame. The terrorist is all the more wretched: Even though he may kill fewer people, he avoids playing by the rules of the war "game." The enemy in our ranks is more dangerous than ten soldiers on a battlefield.

Andy Cranksham
Buffalo, N.Y.

Nine Who Dare

As a recent graduate of the University of Texas School of Law and a former student of Professor Graglia, I was excited and pleased to see his article in the July 13 issue ["Was the Constitution a Good Idea?"]. I found his thoughts on constitutional law enlightening and provocative when I was taking his class, and his article renewed those feelings.

Now that the problem has been explained in such clear terms, it is imperative that we make an effort toward resolving it. First, appointments to the Supreme Court should be limited to those members of the judiciary who hold similar views concerning the deleterious effects of judicial activism regarding the interpretation and application of the Constitution. Second, only those who would be willing to exercise Congress's express constitutional power to limit the Supreme Court's appellate jurisdiction should be sent to Washington as our representatives.

As Professor Graglia points out, we are so accustomed to an overactive Supreme Court that a successful movement to control it is doubtful. If that day has not already arrived, we will someday regret allowing the Supreme Court to ride roughshod over our Constitution.

William R. Keffer
Dallas, Tex.

Lino Graglia's otherwise excellent article on the federal judiciary and its shameful abuse of the United States Constitution was badly flawed by his assertion that "It would be difficult to think of a more serious and widespread violation of liberty than that resulting from the Supreme Court's busing decisions." Balderdash! While the latter were undeniably among the stupidest decisions ever arrived at by a Court not generally noted for its intelligence, they are far from being the worst in terms of violating personal liberty; the Court's outrageous 1973 decision striking down the restrictive abortion laws of all fifty states claims that distinction. No one, to my knowledge, has died as a direct result of forced busing; but millions upon millions of defenseless children have died violent and painful deaths thanks to the Court's ruling in *Roe* v. *Wade*.

Lucy Elizabeth Rudenborg
Menomonie, Wisc.

Tax Poll

In reference to the column "Remarks of the Chairman" [June 15], I want to propose one other item for the Republican Platform Committee, to go with Mr. McLaughlin's. This resolution was adopted by the Oklahoma Republican Convention and will be submitted to the National Platform Committee for consideration. It is: "*Be it resolved:* That we support a 'Federal Income Tax Designation' section for the Federal Income Tax form, to allow tax filers the opportunity in an advisory capacity to express their views on the National Budget and make a recommendation relative to specific programs."

If this resolution is adopted as a taxing procedure, by April 15 of each year

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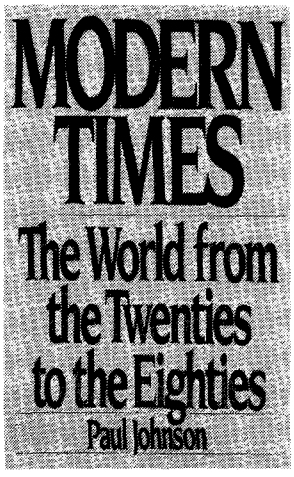

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How do you score on men and events?

Fill in the blanks with the people Paul Johnson is referring to:

"The _____ invasion [of Washington], one visiting statesman observed, was 'like watching the Borgia brothers take over a respectable north Italian town'." (Page 614)

"In the atomic field Soviet agents included Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. Morton Sobell, David Greenglass, Harry Gold, _____ (alias Alexander Stevens), to whom Whittaker Chambers acted as courier, and Jacob Golos, as well as Klaus Fuchs, who had been cleared by British security." (Page 458)

"Yet _____ was not a statist. He said he was against any attempt 'to smuggle fascism into America through the back door'. On many issues he was a liberal....He did not make anti-Semitic jokes, like Woodrow Wilson and his wife or Franklin Roosevelt. To a very wide spectrum of educated American opinion, he was the leading American public man..." (Page 243)

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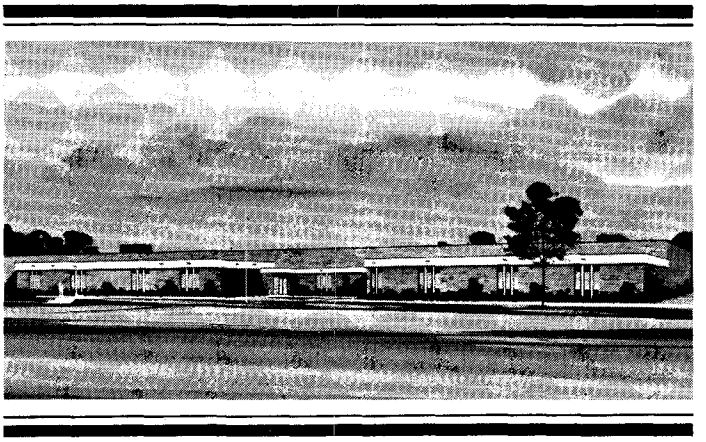

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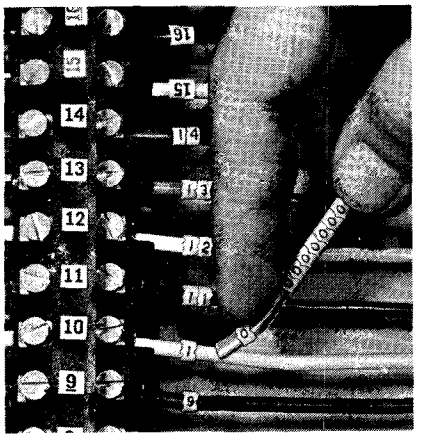

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If we were provided an opportunity to make a recommendation as to where we want our taxes to go, it would give a tremendous boost in morale, and I'll bet we could show how spending could be reduced. Anybody can file an income-tax return, so the opportunity to participate in this procedure would be completely impartial. Because just about everybody feels he knows a better way to run the government, if we were given an opportunity to be heard via tax designations, the IRS would probably see a record number of returns.

Jerry A. Tipton
Bartlesville, Okla.

In Harmony

Thank you for the accurate and kind notice of the death of my father, Dr. Francis Schaeffer ["The Week," June 15].

My father would have been pleased, since NATIONAL REVIEW is one of the few sources of information published currently in the United States that he read cover to cover, and trusted.

Malcolm Muggeridge wrote me the following upon Dad's death: "I'm glad to think that at the last time we saw one another—at the great pro-life rally in Hyde Park—perfect harmony and affection united us." In terms of an overview of world events, history, and current affairs, a "perfect harmony" also existed between the efforts of NATIONAL REVIEW and my father. This harmony was not one of organization but, rather, one of shared opinions and values. These included a righteous anger against Communism, a love of freedom, and a strong antipathy toward all human engineering, especially that of the abortion movement and its dreadful stepchild, the current practice of infanticide. It was always an encouragement to my father, as it is to me, that there were and are other able hands, as represented by NATIONAL REVIEW, carrying on this struggle.

Thank you for your magazine and your efforts.

Franky Schaeffer
Salisbury, Mass.

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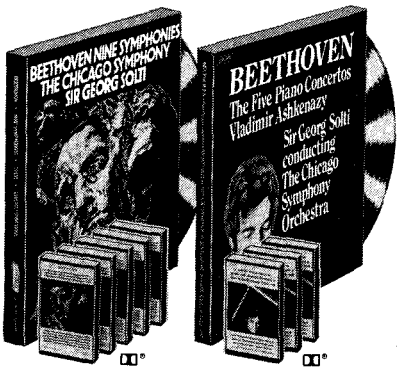

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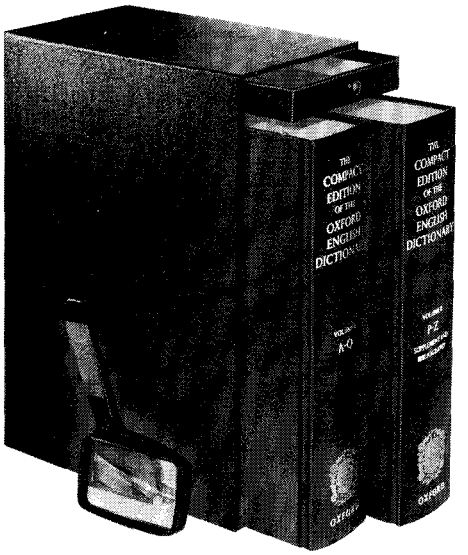

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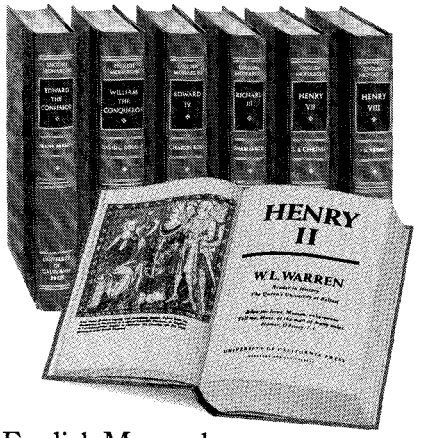

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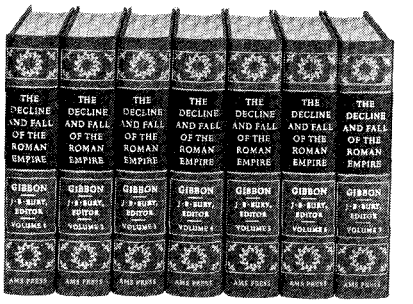

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FOR THE RECORD

The morning after **Mario Cuomo**'s blockbusting keynoter, *Washington Post* columnist **Haynes Johnson** reported widespread feeling on floor that delegates would rather have Cuomo than **Mondale** as their candidate. "It's a good thing for Mondale," one delegate commented, "that Cuomo's getting out of town or the ticket might wind up being Cuomo and **Ferraro**." . . . Unease about Mondale's adequacy pervaded the atmosphere. . . . Take the **Bert Lance–Charles Manatt** flap: The feeling was that Mondale's timing was terrible; he read his cards wrong in the first place, and when challenged he couldn't stand his ground. Commented Rep. **James Florio** (N.J.): "It was like a bucket of cold water after every one of us were [*sic*] soaring at the choice of Ferraro"; Gov. **Robert Graham** (Fla.): "[He] took what had been a steaming kettle and moved it down to simmer"; former Democratic National Chairman **Robert Strauss**: "It was inelegantly done"; *New Republic* editor **Hendrik Hertzberg**: "There was only one more idiotic thing to do about the Manatt morass, and they did it," i.e., they (meaning Mondale) backtracked on decision. Commented **Pamela Harriman** (Mrs. **Averell**): "I think the new chairman [Manatt] will be as good as the old chairman [Manatt]."

Was the Ferraro choice a big plus? Yes, say the pols. Alabama Lt. Gov. **Bill Baxley**: "She has what **Ronald Reagan** has but **George Bush** and, unfortunately, Fritz Mondale don't have. She can appeal to you on a warm, person-to-person level." Virginia Gov. **Charles Robb**: "Mondale is a nice, sincere man, but he needs a little pizzazz. She [Mrs. Ferraro] gives it to him." . . . No, say the analysts. **Jimmy Carter** pollster **Pat Caddell** feels a Yuppie Veep would have been a better choice. "The Democrats," he told *Time* magazine, "are engaged in a march of folly. . . . They are ignoring the key democratic battleground [youth]." And Democratic analyst **Alan Baron**, in his insider's newsletter a week before the convention (BF—Before Ferraro), felt a Mondale cave-in to feminist pressures on this point would "go down in history as the classic case of 'shooting yourself in the foot.' " It would be perceived, he thought, as yet another example of Mondale's pandering to special-interest groups. . . . How does the public at large see it? It doesn't seem to be much affected one way or t'other. An ABC News poll convention week saw Mrs. Ferraro as 3 per cent gain for Mondale ticket, but CBS/*New York Times* poll, same week, indicated she would mean 5-point loss for Democratic ticket.

Interesting sidelight on Democratic Party was provided by in-depth *Washington Post* profile of **Delegates** *v.* **Rank-and-File Democrats**. To wit: In education: 49 per cent of delegates have gone to graduate school; 79 per cent of rank-and-file have only high school. Financially, 42 per cent of delegates have incomes of $50,000 or more, only 5 per cent of rank-and-file are in that bracket. Their positions also diverge, with delegates far to left of R&F. For instance, 53 per cent of delegates want taxes raised to offset the deficit; only 19 per cent of R&F support new taxes. Only 9 per cent of delegates support an anti-abortion amendment, as against 49 per cent of R&F. While 22 per cent of delegates feel the U.S. "should take all steps including the use of force to prevent the spread of Communism," 63 per cent of R&F think that's a good idea.

Dickinson, *Punch* / Rothco

"If it's not one of ours, it'll be one of Mother's or one of Dad's or Uncle Ali's or . . ."

Mondale-Ferraro ticket came out of convention with sage advice from Robert Strauss: Don't try to take Ronald Reagan head on in a popularity contest or "you're going to come out with a bloody fist instead of his coming out with a bloody nose." . . . **Evans & Novak**, in their last pre-convention newsletter, predicted glum outlook for Democrats, a lopsided 505 to 33 GOP electoral blitz in November. E&N (as of now) see as sure Democratic wins only Maryland and the District of Columbia; probable Democratic wins, Hawaii, Minnesota, West Virginia. . . . Alan Baron sees very bad news for Democrats in recent *Detroit News* poll that "puts RR ahead of WM not only in this critical smokestack/snowbelt state as a whole (55 to 39 per cent), but even among union members (50 to 49), and among white unionists by even more (RR estimated at 60 per cent plus)." . . . **George Will** thinks it was ill-advised of Democrats to mention the Misery Index (unemployment plus inflation) in their platform, given fact that it was 19.2 when Reagan took over from Carter in January 1981 as against 11.3 today. . . . True or false, Democrats were stunned when Cuomo told New York newsmen that as of now Mondale-Ferraro would lose in New York State. Furthermore, said the Guv, there's a limit to what he can do for the ticket: "If they don't do it, we can't do it for them."

Oratorical ineptitude of the week, Mayor **Dianne Feinstein**'s comment on Ferraro choice: "In my heart of hearts, I don't feel a single shred of disappointment."

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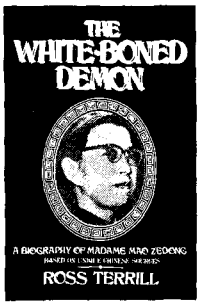

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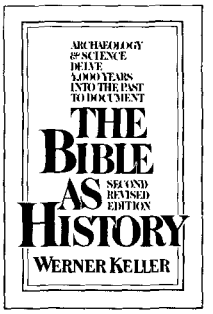
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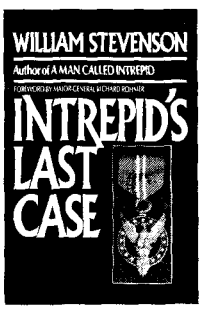

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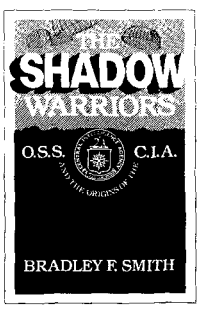

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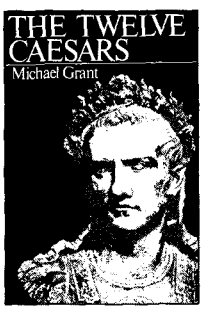

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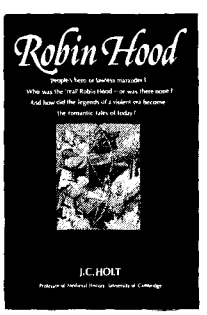

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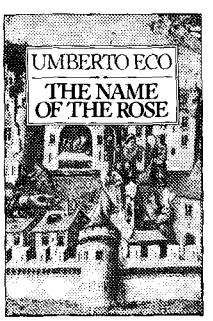

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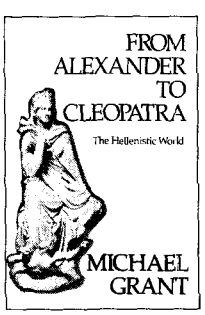

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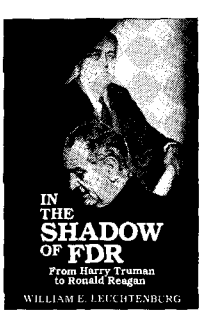

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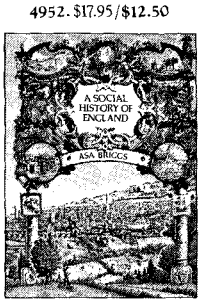

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THE WEEK

☐ But can she type?

☐ No doubt about it, the Democrats would like to have a series of debates this fall between Walter Mondale and Ronald Reagan, usually dressing up the idea by referring to the Lincoln-Douglas precedent. The reason is not the high-minded one of exploring the "issues" but the come-from-behind hope that Reagan can somehow be lured into a gaffe that could be turned to their advantage. Indeed, something does turn up in these debates from time to time, as when Gerald Ford in 1976 declared Poland not a Soviet satellite, or when Jimmy Carter in 1980 referred to the nuclear wisdom of his daughter, Amy. Still, it is not even conceivable that the voters do not know what the issues are between Reagan and Mondale. Everyone knows that Democrats want to raise welfare spending and taxes and cut defense spending, that Democrats are sometimes in uncritical epistolary and even kissing contact with Communist dictators abroad, that Democrats favor abortion on demand while Reagan would like to restrict it, that Reagan is for school prayer and Democrats against, that Reagan wants to build a defense against ICBMs while Democrats don't. Any voter who doesn't know all this has surely had a lobotomy. Nevertheless, there probably should be a debate, or maybe two, for ceremonial and traditional reasons, and because you are less likely to say that your opponent is a bad Christian if you know that you are going to have to look him in the eye.

☐ Forget the gender gap. The real news is the color gap. A *New York Times*/CBS poll finds that 64 per cent of whites interviewed have a favorable opinion of Ronald Reagan. Only 33 per cent view Walter Mondale favorably. (A recent Gallup poll found similar disparities.) Some will say—though Mondale would be ill-advised to do so—that the figures express white racism. No doubt there is some of that. But they also express weariness at bearing the brunt of affirmative action and other affronts to the rule of law. The old liberalism promised to treat everyone alike. The new liberalism promises not to.

☐ The Democrats at their convention have done a lot of yelling about the federal deficit. So it's instructive to examine their record last year on thrift in federal spending. The National Taxpayers Union examined 202 House roll calls from 1983 and gave each member a "pro-taxpayer score" based on how much spending he or she opposed. Democrats rang up a dismal average of 22 per cent, compared to a Republican average of 59 per cent. What is remarkable is that the Democratic leadership managed to be much worse even than the rank-and-file. Speaker Tip O'Neill does not vote much, but his sidekick, Majority Leader Jim Wright, racked up a miserable 10 per cent, and so did Majority Whip Tom Foley. The Chief Deputy Majority Whip, Bill Alexander, came in with 8 per cent, the third worst score in the House. And Geraldine Ferraro scored 16 per cent, making her a much bigger spender than the average Democrat. Saying that the Democrats spend money like drunken sailors is unfair to drunken sailors; sailors spend their own money.

☐ And a tip of the hat to the *Wall Street Journal* for its welcome-back to Bert Lance: "Mr. Lance was a free-wheeling Southern banker, but this sin looks less serious now than it did before we learned what we now know about the foreign loans of the money-center big-shots. Better Walter Wriston and the like had loaned the money to their friends."

☐ Walter Mondale has gotten into the religion act, announcing that "my faith unmistakably has taught me that social justice is part of a Christian's responsibility." Meanwhile, he is quoted in the sternly and

The Jackson Problem, Cont'd

Is he just a ghostly blob
  Athwart the attic stairs?
Will he vanish with the dawn
  And Mr. Mondale's prayers?
Or will Jesse reappear
  When someone rubs a lamp?
While we're on the subject, why
  Are Walter's armpits damp?

W. H. von Dreele

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LETTER FROM SAN FRANCISCO

AT THE Democratic Convention, Cato, who was in San Francisco for the quadrennial vaudeville, overheard a delegate in the Fairmont Hotel telling his wife that Bert Lance had just been named by Walter Mondale as the new DNC chairman. "Oh," replied the spouse, "is Lance out of jail?" That's the kind of popular recollection that the name of Bert Lance—who was never convicted—triggered, and which unnerved Democrats and embarrassed them. A ranking party officer himself said to me derisively, "Why don't we give John Jenrette the Manatt job? And put Pete Williams [former New Jersey Senator Harrison Williams] in charge of direct mail?" Party members here marveled at their nominee's death-wish propensity to undercut a good story (Geraldine Ferraro's placement on the ticket) with an act of political lunacy. And not only the delegates, but the Democratic leaders as well, were kept in the dark until the story leaked through Atlanta and the Cox newspapers, whereupon they were promptly appalled. Congressional Campaign Committee Chairman Tony Coelho knew nothing in advance about the switch, nor did Speaker Tip O'Neill, Governor Mario Cuomo, AFL-CIO President Lane Kirkland, or Bob Strauss, the veteran Democratic sage who makes no secret of having been shut out by the Mondale inner circle.

Governor Cuomo's Reagan bashing, so surgically cold, so vindictive in tone, had the impact of throwing raw meat to starving jackals, so hungry were the leftist delegates for any kind of nostalgic salute to their past, howsoever distorted or out-of-sync it might be. In the cold light of Tuesday morning, however, many of the delegates and not a few leaders began wondering quietly whether the Cuomo address was too long on the past, too short on the future, and too close to the Reagan bone, popular as the President now is.

Mr. Lance's minus/plus contributions to the Mondale act remain imperfectly audited, but on the positive side he does two things: First, he keeps Southern party officials in line so that they don't publicly dump on Mrs. Ferraro. This does not mean, however, that Lance or his apparatus will be able to mobilize that large, middle sector of the relatively easy-come, easy-go Democrats who sat out the primaries in gross apathy, and who pose one of Mr. Mondale's key election problems. Secondly, Lance has the ability to deal with Jesse Jackson and, when needed, tell him off. This is something that no one else in the Mondale entourage can do, including the Jackson technical liaison person, campaign manager Robert G. Beckel. Apparently Jesse listens to Lance. (Just before Jackson's July 15 appearance on *Meet the Press*, he phoned Lance from NBC's San Francisco studio for guidance.) On the down side Lance brings with him, of course, the Carter baggage, and he makes it harder to exploit the Reagan "sleaze factor," that collection of real, or exaggerated, or imagined improprieties on the part of members of this Administration.

The depiction of the state as Earth Mother spawned a new round of convention jokes, mercifully displacing the Mondale/Ferraro ones that the vulgarians had concocted. Mr. Cuomo's "family" pitch accidentally served to hype the fact that the Democratic family itself is coming apart. Several groups of cousins have been disowned—the conservative Southerners, the business-oriented constituencies, the foreign-policy realists and hawks. They were well-nigh invisible in San Francisco. Those centrists and conservatives who used to play a big role in the party's convention—the Henry Jackson wing—have been shunted aside by the feminists, the environmentalists, the unilateral disarmers. Even the labor bosses at San Francisco were not at all of George Meany's stripe.

The Ferraro elevation, despite all the publicity, left the political professionals who were milling around the San Francisco hotel lobbies with the collective impression that her presence on the ticket would probably amount, when all is said and done, to a wash or, possibly, a slight minus, depending on whether Mrs. Ferraro continues making political gaffes such as her comment about Reagan's lack of Christianity. Mondale needs ballast on the right, but Mrs. Ferraro moves him further to the left, with an ADA (Americans for Democratic Action) rating of 90 (for 1983) and a *National Journal* ranking as the eighth most liberal of 435 House members. —CATO

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programmatically anti-religious bimonthly *The Humanist* as saying, "Although I have never formally joined a humanist society, I think I am a member by inheritance. My preacher father was a humanist. . . . In Minnesota they call them Farmer-Laborites, and I grew up on a very rich diet of humanism from him. All of our family has been deeply influenced by this tradition, including my brother Lester." Lester is on the editorial board of *The Humanist*, by the way.

☐ When Mario Cuomo spoke of "despair" and invited President Reagan to visit some areas overlooked by the recovery, he knew whereof he spoke. Highly taxed New York is one of the few states where unemployment is on the rise.

☐ Never in Israeli history has any political party been able to win a parliamentary majority, and this is likely to hold true for the elections scheduled to take place on July 23. The polls seem to indicate that the Labor Party, which governed Israel from its founding until 1977, will return to power after a seven-year hiatus. But it will probably be able to do so only by forming a coalition with one or more of Israel's smaller parties, including perhaps the fledgling Yahad Party of Ezer Weizman. As for the governing Likud coalition, it is struggling for survival, and will probably not return to power despite the valiant efforts of Yitzhak Shamir to rekindle some of the fire that Menachem Begin once stirred among Israel's Sephardic Jews. The Likud simply will not be able to duck

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responsibility for the economic chaos now facing Israel (with inflation running well over 300 per cent), or for the increasingly unpopular Israeli military presence in Lebanon. It is not that the voters have a great deal of confidence in Labor's capacity to reverse the economic situation or extricate the country from Lebanon. But there simply comes a time in the life of every political party when the accumulated political bills must be paid.

☐ Put it this way: François Mitterrand had nothing to lose and quite a lot to gain by ditching the Pierre Mauroy cabinet. Mauroy, an old-time Socialist, had tried faithfully to carry out Mitterrand's campaign promises, with predictable and disastrous economic consequences for France. Three years later only 19 per cent of the nation was satisfied with the way Mauroy was handling his job. On top of that, the controversial bill to take control of France's private schools—a longtime Socialist goal—had to be shelved when half of France took to the streets in protest. Last month's elections for the European Parliament showed a major slide in the French Socialist vote and an even more catastrophic loss for the Communists, who got only 10 per cent, their worst showing in sixty years; in fact, we may be witnessing the Götterdämmerung of the French Left, a development adumbrated by the collapse within the last five years of its intellectual prestige. In a fortnight there will be the *fermeture annuelle*, August, the month when all France goes to the beaches and the mountains, leaving Paris to the tourists and those establishments that deign to stay open to serve them. It's a dead season politically, a good time for a change. The new government headed by Laurent Fabius, the 37-year-old Minister of Industry, will have two years to turn things around before the next parliamentary elections. And there's a better-than-even chance that it will not include any Communist ministers, given the poor Communist showing in last month's elections.

☐ Vyacheslav M. Molotov is [IN] this week.

☐ A number of women who apparently have nothing better to do have been sewing a muslin "ribbon," 18 inches wide, decorated with "peace" messages, which they propose to wrap around the Pentagon on August 6 and 9 next year to mark the fortieth anniversary of the A-bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Peace broke out very abruptly after those two bombs and millions of lives were saved, but that isn't the sort of "peace" the ladies have in mind.

☐ We ran into our friend Alastair in a flyblown Barcelona bar recently, and we asked him about reports that he invented details in his purportedly factual *New Yorker* articles. "Of course, old boy," he grinned. "You don't really think it was all that easy to find people who didn't like Franco, did you?" We said that sometimes we got the impression from our favorite magazines that *everyone* didn't like Franco. "Nonsense!" he barked genially. "Nearly everyone *loved* Franco." He sipped his sack and wiped his mouth on his sleeve. "Tell you what," he said. "Find me two people in this bar who didn't like the old fellow, and I'll buy drinks for the whole house. Honest."

☐ The new memoir by Diana Vreeland, entitled *D.V.*, recalls Pablo Picasso zipping around Paris in a bright yellow Hispano-Suiza with a hammer and sickle painted on its side. Now *that's* radical chic, Lenny.

☐ Geraldine Ferraro, who has complained that there were no women at the Last Supper, is thinking of starting a national women's group called THEN.

☐ Debate of the week is whether Mr. Mondale was bullied into his Veep selection or, uh, cowed.

☐ No, but she makes great coffee.

Spin, Crash, and Burn

I. The Scene

WELL, YES, there was an All Species parade, with folks dressed up as trees, birds, and crustaceans. (A lobster confessed to one of the local papers that his costume was impractical for a march. "It's more for standing in place and doing a little break dancing. It's hard to be a lobster these days in the city.") And a pair of radical lesbian feminists did infiltrate a session of the conservative Family Forum, at which they rose up from the audience and kissed passionately. Outside, in Union Square Park, a bunch of transvestites in nun costumes performed an exorcism of Jerry Falwell. And there was a seven-hour punk concert, "Rock against Reagan," featuring such artists as The Dead Kennedys. *I left my heart in San Francisco . . .*

But that was the kind of effluvium that is to be found, in more diluted form perhaps, in half a dozen other large American cities. It is more useful to consider the events that were semi-official; to pay attention to the things the Democratic Party itself chose to pay attention to.

The day before the convention saw two mammoth parades, starting at either end of Market Street. The first was the parade of union members. Lane Kirkland led it off, and Senator Moynihan was one of the marchers. Therein lies the fate of what used to be called the Jackson wing of the Democratic Party (big spenders at home, anti-Communists abroad). For Moynihan has totally abandoned the no-nonsense stands that once characterized him at the UN, while

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Kirkland—as Irving Kristol points out in a recent issue of *Commentary*—is the last of a line: the heir of George Meany, hanging on by the fingernails. The coming generations of union leadership, with growing black and Hispanic memberships, do not care for his brand of politics; and as the labor movement shrinks, and as individual union members vote their consciences, the leadership can be expected to slip further left, in the direction of William Winpisinger's Machinists (one of the largest groups represented). Sown throughout the three-hour-long parade were signs reading, "No Guns to Central America." Meany would have tolerated that for about three seconds.

As that parade dispersed, down from the other end of town came the National March for Gay and Lesbian Rights. The police had predicted 100,000 marchers; the *New York Times* estimated 50,000; so make it 25,000. No matter, it was huge, taking an hour and a half to stroll under the Route 101 overpass. It was, all things considered, a relatively normal-looking crowd. A few drag queens, a few leather leggings—little more. One sign read, "To the Media: Gay America Is Not Castro Street." Meaning, presumably, that homosexuals are not all extravagant fruits.

It is a serious point. Of the 2 or 3 per cent of Americans who are homosexual (as with crowd estimates, so with Kinsey), many live normal lives outside the bedroom. But the homosexual political apparat is not content, say, to repeal the remaining anti-sodomy laws. It seeks to be the next victim group, with the whole panoply of affirmative action and government patronage extended to it. This is an agenda the Democratic Party is now prepared to endorse—even as it continues to push for the Equal Rights Amendment, and to entrench and extend similar programs for black beneficiaries. We are part, declared San Francisco Supervisor Harry Britt, a homosexual, of "the problem-solving family" of the Democratic Party.

There was, finally, at the convention itself, Jesse Jackson, friend of Farrakhan and postulant of Castro, salving the wounds his own bigotry and devotion to dictators have opened with preachery unction.

It is said the Republican Convention in Dallas will be dull. The Democrats should have been so lucky.

II. The Ferraro Factor

WALTER MONDALE had to do something to halt the hemorrhaging in the polls that had been taking place since he sewed up the nomination. Geraldine Ferraro appears to have accomplished this, at least for the time being. Walter Mondale, perhaps for the first time in his political career, has done something interesting, and everyone has paused to assess it.

Announcing a vice presidential choice prior to the convention was not an entirely new idea. Ronald Reagan made a similar dramatic move in 1976, and for roughly similar reasons. As it became clear that Reagan was narrowly failing to catch President Ford in the delegate count, erosion began to take place among Reagan's own delegates. He had to do something, and he named Richard Schweiker. This was so unexpected that it stopped the erosion and even added some suspense to the Kansas City Convention.

The preliminary assessment of Geraldine Ferraro among political professionals is that she probably represents a modest plus for the ticket, but that she is also capable of talking first and thinking about it only later, and is a potential embarrassment on that account. (See also "For the Record.") The choice of a woman in itself does add a touch of color to an otherwise drab Mondale operation, and Mrs. Ferraro at once appeases the feminists and appears to be acceptable to Hart, Jackson, and other assorted factions.

Like much else at the convention, Mrs. Ferraro, somewhat paradoxically, reflects the impact of Reagan. The week before the convention she made a speech in St. Paul, Minnesota, stressing the themes of "family, faith, neighborhood, and hard work" that Reagan made popular in 1980 and has continued to stress as President. Like Mario Cuomo, Mrs. Ferraro is religious, even conspicuously so, and the word "God" was mentioned more often at this convention than at all the Democratic Conventions combined since 1960. Mrs. Ferraro, like Cuomo, is an ethnic American, and patriotic, and both serve up Horatio Alger with an ethnic twist. Mrs. Ferraro is an orthodox liberal, but with some differentiation: She opposes busing, favors tax credits for parents who send their children to private schools, and, though she wants to cut defense spending sharply, did support the Trident submarine, the Pershing II, and draft registration. Cosmetically, at least, she represents an effort on the part of the Democrats to recapture their old middle-class and ethnic constituencies. She does not come across as a quiche-eating McGovernite or as an erstwhile admirer of Castro or Ho. That picture of her standing on a big tree stump with a plaid-shirted, outdoorsy-looking Mondale could also have been a nice middle-class couple in a Reagan TV ad.

If naming Geraldine Ferraro represents a modest psychological plus for the Mondale campaign, it has not, so far at least, produced anything dramatic in the polls. Prior to Mrs. Ferraro's emergence as the nomi-

Good-bye, Gary Hart

Whatever your name and whatever your age;
Whatever you did with that Indian sage,
Remember, as Fritz fancies "Hail to the Chief,"
Whatever he's full of, it ain't Wendy's beef.

W. H. VON DREELE

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nee, an NBC News poll found that while 11 per cent would be more likely to vote for a Democratic ticket with a woman on it, 15 per cent would be less likely to do so. Some politicians see her selection as amounting to a virtual write-off of the South, where Mondale desperately needs to carry at least some states, and the payoff to Bert Lance for resuscitating Mondale in the Georgia primary is not likely to repair his prospects there.

The Democrats will attempt to project the issue as "whether a woman can be Vice President," a point the Republicans can cheerfully concede, returning to the question of whether this woman in particular should be the Vice President. There was no aroma of affirmative action about the elevation of either Jeane Kirkpatrick, a distinguished scholar and writer, or Sandra Day O'Connor, a distinguished lawyer and regional political figure. The performance in office of both women has abundantly validated their selection. But Mrs. Ferraro is manifestly an affirmative-action nominee. She has been in the House only since 1979 and cannot be said, on the record, to be as qualified to be President, if necessary, as, say, John Glenn, Fritz Hollings, Mo Udall, or—George Bush. Indeed, her inexperience may be the explanation for her gaffes about Reagan's Christianity and the absence of a woman at the Last Supper. Once the euphoria wears off, she will face tough scrutiny.

And Gus Hall is pretty sore about all the publicity Mondale has been getting for this "historic choice." After all, Angela Davis has been his running-mate for more than two months.

Wiles / Rothco

"The left-wing movement, which overthrew the center coalition, was usurped by the People's Popular Front, which in turn succumbed to the right-wing faction and has now been replaced by the National Liberation Party—so you're still in power."

III. Demagogy Lives

THE NEXT DAY, on television, George McGovern said of the keynoter's speech that McGovern would not have altered a word, so satisfying did he find it. Correct. The populism of 1972 is unchanged in 1984. What McGovern failed to add is that the speech would not need to have been changed for delivery in 1932, except for a few anachronisms such as nuclear missiles.

Mario Cuomo is a forceful personal presence. He is not a stylist. He relies on big building blocks of demagogy. Always, in any comprehensive demagogic statement, there will be references to hunger, disease, drugs, rich people, malnutrition, war, and costly defense programs. Mario Cuomo managed to pile these elements together without analytical narrative of any kind, having opened his speech by warning that he would "skip the stories and the poetry and the temptation to deal in nice but vague rhetoric." Faster than an intercontinental missile could travel, one found oneself listening to such sentences as: "Maybe, Mr. President, if you asked a woman who had been denied the help she needed to feed her children because you said you needed the money for a tax break for a millionaire or for a missile we couldn't afford to use —maybe then you'd understand."

The objective of the Democratic oratory is to discover, isolate, magnify, and focus on individual problems. And then to trace these problems to a Republican President. Enthymematic resistance, in that kind of atmosphere, fails. Reason abandons hope.

It is worth remembering that demagogy is used because it works. If audiences were chilled by junk thought, why, demagogy would be abandoned. The fault lies in ourselves that we are underlings. "We speak for women who are indignant that this nation refuses to etch into our governmental Commandments the simple rule, 'Thou shalt not sin against equality,' . . . a Commandment so simple it can be spelled in three letters—ERA." That was the line that got the biggest cheer of the evening. More than 50 per cent of the delegates to the Democratic Convention are women. They were urged to vote themselves equality.

The keynote address reminds us of the frailty of self-government. Mario Cuomo is everywhere spoken of as the man of the future within the Democratic Party. The rumor is that he is a man of intelligence. The public demonstration of this has not yet happened. He has violated a Commandment so simple it could be spelled in five letters: Think.

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IV. The Grovel Factor

MR. MONDALE was all for Mayor Dianne Feinstein of San Francisco as his running-mate until he got growls from union czars and Democratic careerists. So he canceled that idea and came up with *la Ferraro*, a local New York species of the genus albatross (*Tubinaris boca grande*).

That done, *il Gran Mondale* cast about for a campaign director, and who should swim into view but good ole boy Bert ("I'm proud of you"—Jimmy Carter) Lance? So, having paid off the Northeast with *la Ferraro*, Minnesota Smarts thinks to purchase the South with *il Gordo Lanciuolo*. Hup-hup and ticketyboo until certain Democratic heavy thinkers (genus *book*, species *check*) point out that *il Gordo* is less Dixie than Big Machine type; that he doesn't cut the mustard in the South; that he bothers the West; that he suffers from what *il Gran Mondale* calls "the sleaze factor"; that bumping Charles Manatt, *il Buon Tecnico*, from his overlordship of the Democratic Party six minutes before the convention is a stupid way to treat a favorite son of California, which is after all where the convention is being held, San Francisco being for all practical purposes still in California even though its politics are on the moon. So *il Fritzerino* canceled that idea, too.

So now, instead of good ole Bert counting the nuts & bolts at party headquarters, he will be programming the nuts at Mondale Theological Seminary (whose Mother Superior, *la Ferraro*, has made public her anathema against the heretic, Ronald Reagan).

So the old Carter coterie is taking over in the Mondale camp. Ham Jördan, call your office.

NOTE: *NR* went to press at 5 P.M. on July 18, before the conclusion of these festivities.

Attention: The Party Of Compassion

REMEMBER THE LINE that Afghanistan was the Soviet Union's Vietnam? Those who still believe in the analogy should be asked to name the North Vietnamese counterpart to Kandahar. From an Associated Press dispatch, received in New York June 26: "NEW DELHI, INDIA: More than four years after Soviet troops entered Afghanistan, the southern Afghan city of Kandahar has turned into a cemetery and a virtual free-fire zone, a Western diplomat said Tuesday. Once Afghanistan's second most populous city with nearly 250,000 inhabitants, Kandahar now looks like a vast graveyard, and living there is like living in a cemetery, the diplomat quoted a recent traveler as saying. . . . Between 40 and 60 per cent of the houses and shops have been destroyed, most of them during the January and March 1982 Soviet bombings and ground operations against the city, which they believed harbored anti-government guerrillas. Only about 10 per cent of Kandahar's buildings carry no scars of war, and the current estimated population is about one-fourth to one-third of what it had been before the Soviet intervention."

Hugo de Oude, a Dutch journalist, recently returned from several months inside Afghanistan. Writing in Amsterdam's *De Telegraaf*, de Oude described what the Soviets have done to Herat, once Afghanistan's third most populous city with almost 200,000 inhabitants: The city, he wrote, no longer exists. At least 80 per cent of it has been destroyed. Imagine Hiroshima after the bomb, or Berlin after the bombs, de Oude said, and you have an idea what Herat looks like after the Soviets.

Meanwhile, back home, Representative Ted Weiss (D., N.Y.) is on record as saying: "There is no way of distinguishing what we are doing in Grenada and what [the Soviets] have done in Afghanistan." We can think of one way. If the culprit is an imperialist aggressor, illegitimately occupying a foreign state for four years, practicing genocide against its civilian populace, destroying its crops and villages, firebombing women and children, testing illegal weapons, using "yellow rain," and dropping booby-trapped toys to maim children, it's the Soviets.

Talking Sense on Population

THE National Security Council has, in the Reagan Administration, normally confined itself to behind-the-scenes staff work. Recently, however, the NSC embroiled itself in controversy by issuing a draft position paper for the International Conference on Population convening in Mexico City August 6. The crux of the controversy was the paper's assertion that the United States "does not consider abortion an acceptable element of family-planning programs and will not contribute to those of which it is part," whether funded by foreign governments or private organizations.

Since the draft position paper was released, at the end of May, a population-control lobby made up of congressmen, State Department professionals, and pro-abortion activists has sought strenuously to persuade the White House to modify its stand against U.S. funding of foreign abortions. This same lobby has also sought to ensure that the U.S. delegation to Mexico City would be stacked with individuals sure to support an "enlightened" position on population control.

Despite some hints of wavering, the White House has thus far held firm. Former Senator James Buckley, now president of Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty, and an uncompromising opponent of abortion,

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has been selected to head the U.S. delegation to Mexico City. Buckley has made it unmistakably clear that he intends to lead a delegation that will support the stand originally outlined in the NSC position paper.

That paper was, in fact, a succinct and eloquent statement of what the world population problem is all about. Briefly, it argues that people are producers as well as consumers, and that when production levels fail to meet consumption demands the fault lies not in excessive numbers of people but in economic systems that subvert human initiative, incentives, and economic distribution. The population-control lobby, in its unbridled enthusiasm for eliminating "unwanted" children, whether ours or theirs, utterly overlooks this fundamental truth, borne out by history.

Virtually without exception, countries that have allowed human enterprise to prosper have achieved both spectacular economic development and relatively stable levels of population. As the NSC paper notes, "The world's most affluent nations have reached population equilibrium without compulsion and, in most cases, before it was government policy to achieve it . . . Economic freedom has led to economically rational behavior."

Subsidizing compulsory sterilizations and abortions in China and India, and underwriting abortions in other Third World countries, will not add a single ounce of rice or bread to the tables of the hungry either abroad or at home. Crowded cities are but a symptom; the real disease is ideologies that turn whole countries into concentration camps. The United States cannot directly control the population policies of foreign governments, but surely it must not be an accomplice in violating the civil liberties of would-be parents and the human rights of the unborn.

Latin America Watch

An effort to get Latin American countries to default on their debts has been given top priority in Moscow. The operation is being run out of the International Information Department of the CPSU and Department A of the KGB's First Directorate. One target country where the effects have been particularly conspicuous is Bolivia, where the national unions have struck for and received a government declaration of an indefinite debt moratorium.

► A recent Bank of Cuba report shows that the number-one Cuban export is Soviet oil. With the collapse of world sugar prices, Havana's earnings were cut nearly in half this year. To compensate, Cuba has been reselling its oil imports from the Soviets—$600 million worth in 1983—to pick up some precious hard currency.

► During 1983, some 15,000 tons of arms were dropped by Bulgarian and Soviet ships at the remote and well-guarded port of El Bluff in Nicaragua. The Sandinistas have now announced that Bulgaria is converting the port into Nicaragua's first deep-water harbor on the Atlantic Coast.

► After months of complaining about the effectiveness of the small Salvadoran air force, Salvadoran guerrillas have used their PLO and Libyan contacts to purchase SAM-7s, the Soviet-made portable heat-seeking missiles.

► The provincial government of Mendoza in Argentina has purchased 1,500 rockets, 14 launching pads, and highly sophisticated radar from the Soviet Union in exchange for wine and olive oil. Mendoza, which borders on Chile, claims the hardware is to be used to combat hailstorms.

► In the northern border state of Chihuahua, Mexico, a Soviet trade delegation met with local officials and announced a joint investment agreement to be inaugurated by the construction of a textile and cellulose factory. The agreement includes the training of Mexican workers in Moscow and Belgrade and an influx of Russian tourists and school textbooks into the area.

Shadow over ANZUS

New Zealand's parliamentary election has cast a shadow over the future of the ANZUS pact, the 33-year-old defensive alliance uniting Australia, New Zealand, and the United States. New Zealand's Labour Party, headed by David Lange, won the election on a platform that included a pledge to ban all nuclear-armed and nuclear-powered ships from New Zealand's territorial waters. Such a ban would, of necessity, strike principally at U.S. warships and would call into question the whole raison d'être of the ANZUS alliance.

Fortunately, there is reason to believe that the reality therapy of actually having to govern New Zealand may lead the Labour Party to re-evaluate its campaign pledge. The party claims to support the fundamental goals of ANZUS, and within a day of his election Prime Minister-elect Lange went out of his way to

The Ferraro Ploy

Cuomo wouldn't touch it;
Bumpers told him, No.
Jesse gives him heartburn
On the Morning Show.
Hart's a loner, really,
And the vibes are bad,
So that left Ferraro.
Girls at NOW are glad.

W. H. von Dreele

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stress that he would move slowly and carefully in making any changes in New Zealand's commitments to the alliance. Lange is no doubt aware that his victory at the polls was based more on the electorate's dissatisfaction with the sputtering economic policies of his predecessor, National Party leader Robert Muldoon, than on any widespread anti-American sentiment. Labour in New Zealand may share the anti-nuclear proclivities of its sister party in Great Britain, but it seems to have no similar compulsion to stick to positions certain to alienate all sensible laborers.

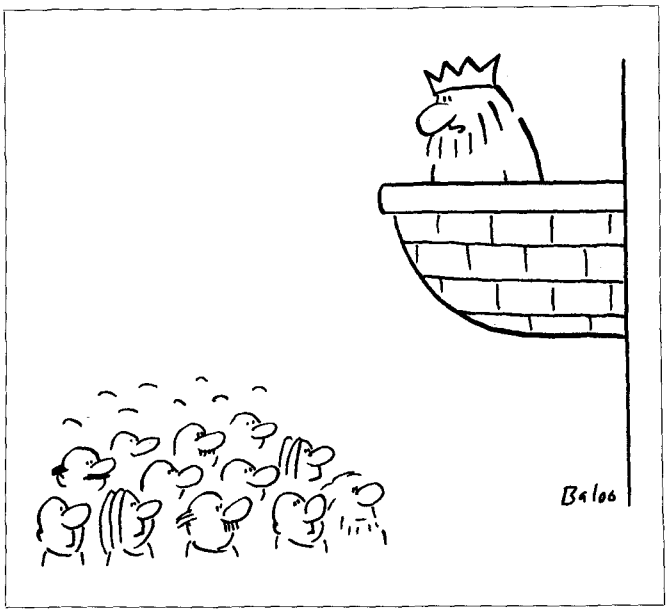
U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz arrived in Wellington just two days after the election in order to attend a long-scheduled annual meeting of the ANZUS-pact countries, hosted by the outgoing government. Shultz was the consummate diplomat, stressing the warm feeling between New Zealanders and Americans, and the willingness of the United States to work with the new Labour government. Shultz left no doubt, however, as to what effect the proposed ban on nuclear ships would have: "For an alliance to mean anything, it has to be possible for the military forces of the respective countries to be able to interact together. Otherwise, it's not much of an alliance."

Bull's-eye, Mr. Secretary. ANZUS and NATO are, strictly speaking, the only true multilateral alliances left in which the United States has formal membership. Both are founded principally on U.S. military strength, and neither would survive long in the absence of that strength, the most important component of which is nuclear. If Mr. Lange is truly committed to ANZUS, as he claims to be, he had best reconsider a most imprudent pledge. Even Greek leader Andreas Papandreou found it possible to rethink his opposition to the stationing of U.S. bases in Greece, his fountains of anti-American rhetoric notwithstanding. David Lange—by all appearances a more reasonable chap than Papandreou—can surely take a similar step back into the light for New Zealand.

Pop Music Shift

RONALD REAGAN receives his strongest support from the same demographic group that has grown up with rock 'n' roll. Americans under thirty prefer Reagan to Walter Mondale by more than 2 to 1, according to a recent Gallup poll. Their music—rock, rap, and pop—has finally caught up with their conservative politics.

The shift has scarcely been noticed by the press because rock is institutionally rebellious. It is most conservative when it is most apolitical. Nevertheless, there are clear signals that the trendy leftism of rock in the late Sixties and Seventies has faded. Hip Hop culture (of which break dancing is a part) is an update of the Mickey Rooney-Judy Garland musical ethos. Rap hits like "What People Do for Money"



"A tax cut would mean cutbacks in basic dragon-slaying services."

and "Life in the Fast Lane" ridicule the swinger/hustler hero of the disco years. White musicians and white radio stations have abandoned long "message" songs for the shorter, boppier, brighter styles of the early Sixties. The leftist anthems of teenage rebellion that Led Zeppelin, The Who, and the Rolling Stones churned out a decade ago now sound silly and pretentious.

Bruce Springsteen (one of the few rockers capable of writing intelligent lyrics) has led the rightward tide. He still writes about the working-class victims of the Rust Belt, but on his last two albums—*Nebraska* and *Born in the U.S.A.*—his heroes are invested with a cowboy libertarianism. The artists who play to both black and white audiences (Boy George, Michael Jackson) write songs that reflect a longing for peace and order—somewhat paradoxically, given their public personae. One of the new artists who is writing songs with explicitly conservative lyrics is Little Steven. His most recent album, *Voice of America*, includes songs about the Polish Solidarity movement, the Berlin Wall, and the outrage of urban crime and disorder. It's only rock 'n' roll, but we like it.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Concerning the piece by C. Dickerman Williams (June 29) on Nicaragua's charges against us in the World Court, may I ask a silly question?

Why didn't Dan Rather or the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* report the situation as follows: "Nicaragua today took its case against the United States' involvement in their country to the World

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Court, whose jurisdiction Nicaragua or any other Communist country has refused to accept, but whose jurisdiction the United States has previously agreed to accept while reserving the right to determine the Court's jurisdiction as it might be said to apply to the United States."

The Nicaraguans and Soviet apologists received very favorable public relations regarding the World Court decision and our refusal to accept their jurisdiction because the whole truth regarding the situation was suppressed, overlooked, or ignored by the news media. Do you think sending a copy of your magazine to Dan Rather would help?

Cordially,
John Galloway
Tampa, Fla.

Dear Mr. Galloway: Dan Rather gets *NR*, but we have no jurisdiction over him. Cordially, —WFB

☐ Dear Sir:

In "The Week" (April 6) several references are made to Gary Hart's name and his age. I can now tell you the full story behind the name change. Actually name changes.

You see, Gary Hart's original name was Heartpound (not because of his effect on women). But because of the double-digit inflation caused by his Democratic Party, the name was reduced to Hartpence, a double change to reflect the inflation rate. When the inflation reached astronomical heights, the name was not worth a measly pence; thus the Hart of 1984. Rumor has it that Gary seriously considered, at one point, going by the name Hartshilling (between Heartpound and Hartpence), but this year, as an active, major candidate for President, he has had those to do that for him. Quite effectively, too!

Of course, after San Francisco, or, at the very latest, after November 6, 1984, he may wish to change the name one more time. Ladies and gentlemen, introducing Gary Hurt.

Yours truly,
Evan E. Edwards
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Edwards: That would be heartbreaking. Cordially, —WFB

☐ Dear Bill, if I may,

To tweak your last vapid thoughts before slumber some night: I never sit down on a plane, train, bus, or stagecoach without checking first if my about-seat-partner-to-be has ink stains alongside the index finger nearest the thumb; invariably an *NR* reader and excellent conversationalist.

Most sincerely,
Sam Graham
Gros Ventre, Wyo.

Dear Sam: And *I* never sleep at night without wishing that Gros Ventre would lose some weight. Cordially, —WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I discovered this somewhat disconcerting PBS program announcement in the *Houston Chronicle* TV guide's June 27 listings:

> **9:30 PM**
> **(8) What Do Children Think Of When They Think Of The Bomb?**—Talented youngsters sing, dance, juggle, act and speak for themselves about nuclear war.

Unfortunately, I took a solemn vow as a youth to never watch a TV program featuring talented young jugglers, and so I plan to be otherwise engaged at 9:30 P.M. However, perhaps you could pass this on to my fellow *NR*ists in case they wish to be edified when and if this show is ever rerun.

Sincerely,
Jeff Levin
University of Texas Medical Branch
Galveston, Tex.

☐ Dear Wm—

Grammatical Man: Information, Entropy, Language, and Life, by Jeremy Campbell (Simon & Schuster, 1982), gives the "final solution" to the great Willmoore Kendall-Mabel Wood controversy over "which, by the way, why doesn't somebody burn it down?" Campbell notices that Hebrew and other languages regularly use the extra pronoun, and gives examples: "the man that I saw him was your brother," and "I read the book that you read it." He adds that many regional dialects of French work the same way, and conversational constructions in English "contain traces of the Hebrew strategy," as for example: "that's the kind of answer that, when you come to think of it, you find you've forgotten it," and "this is the sort of book that, having once read it, you feel you want to give it to all your friends." These last two are exactly the Willmoore type, instances of anacoluthia caused by a diverting of the attention through the interpolation of a nonqualifying phrase between the relative pronoun and the predicate it goes with.

You were right to have printed Willmoore as was. Mabel was wrong to have kicked up a fuss. Willmoore was right to have said what he said. IS EVERYBODY HAPPY?

Yours ever,
Wm
[W. F. Rickenbacker]
West Boxford, Mass.

Dear Wm: *I* am. Cordially, Wm

—WFB

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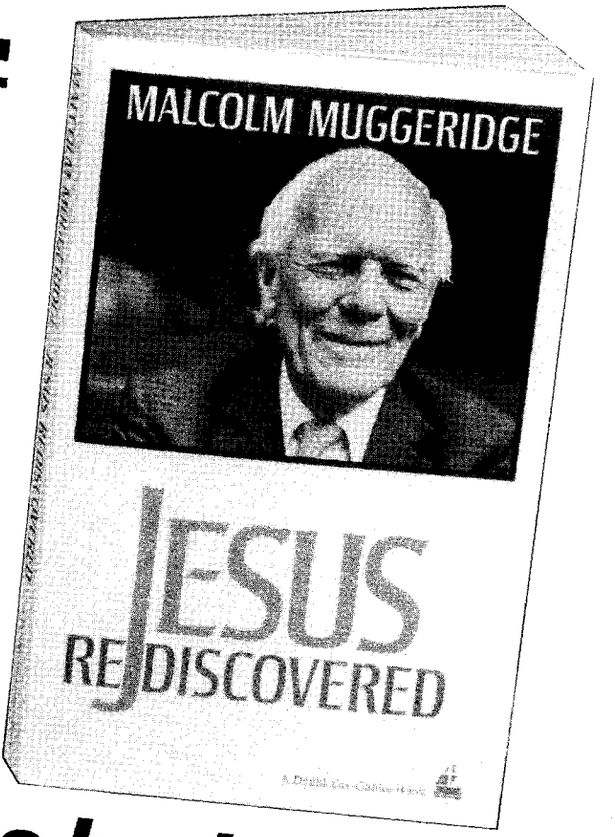
HERE IT IS!



(a book you'll never forget)

ONCE in a great while a book comes along that grips you from the opening page and remains with you for good. That happens to be a perfect description of *Jesus Rediscovered,* a most unusual book by the world-famous author Malcolm Muggeridge.

This isn't what you would ordinarily think of as a "religious" book at all. Far from it, in fact. Actually, it reads like an exciting novel. It's filled with marvelous examples of Muggeridge's wit and eloquence. Few if any other writers are able to so make their most important points with such zest and verve.

Jesus Rediscovered is not an especially large book (something over 200 pages) but it covers a lot of ground. In short order you are treated to a unique view of politics, science, technology, ethics, contemporary morality, and, of course, God and religion. On page after page you'll encounter things that will make you pause because you recognize something you have always known to be true but have never heard anyone say before. It's that kind of book—powerful stuff for an age of doubting Thomases.

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WHAT COULD GO WRONG?

INSIDERS HERE, including Democrats, are quietly using the word "invincible" to describe Ronald Reagan's campaign status, but the White House continues to eye the radar screen for storm clouds and political warheads on the horizon. "The atmosphere is not tense," says a Reagan official, "it's watchful—like waiting for the other shoe to drop. Things look so good that people here are wondering whether we're missing something."

As soon as the Democratic Convention is over, Congress will be back in town, and the Democratic platform is shaping up to be the big kicker for a legislative drive to convert planks into statutes. "They've scripted the platform down to a play that'll run for three weeks," says a Reaganite congressman, "but only in the House." Before the recess, the Democrats had a three-ring circus, notes this representative, with the White House in the center ring, and the House and Senate flanking it as sideshows. During the between-conventions run (July 23 through August 10) the Democrats will have only one ring in which to stage their high political drama, since neither the Republican Senate nor the Reagan White House will build the stagecraft by acting in it. Like the nation at large, they'll be looking on as the Democratic summer stock does its thing.

Reagan insiders see House Democrats clustering their issues around four topical categories that, besides shaping their legislative measures, will also be their attack themes for the fall campaign: the deficit, industrial policy, defense, and women's/minority rights.

On June 29, the House and Senate agreed to lift the debt ceiling to $1.5 trillion. That $53-billion hike was a quick-fix two-month reprieve, deliberately held at that level to keep the government going only till the end of August. The wily Democrats wanted to tie this monumental debt (with yearly interest of $166 billion) to the Republicans, whose convention begins ten days after Congress finishes its midsummer histrionics.

"Let them have their farce," says a Reagan aide. "Let them gussy up the deficit and try to make it into an election hand-wringer. Republicans tried to make the deficit an issue for 25 years. What did it get us? Minority-party status."

Interest rates are something else, the single most worrisome issue Reaganites face. What level would the prime rate (currently 13 per cent) have to hit to topple Reagan? Alan Greenspan says 16 per cent, but Reagan officials say other indices like unemployment, inflation, and the market would also have to sour in order for Reagan to be done in. Today the market is OK, and both unemployment and inflation are "excellent," with unemployment down to 7.1 per cent—almost a half-point below where Jimmy Carter handed it over to Reagan (7.5 per cent)—and inflation for the second quarter projected to be a stunning low of 2.8 per cent.

Greenspan says that there's a 1 in 3 chance of the prime hitting 16 before the November election. Reaganites reject those odds as wildly high. "Maybe a one-point blip, or a point and a half," says an Administration official, "but not 16. Odds against that are about 50 to 1." On the other hand, the White House fears that any kind of a negative blip, like a two-tenths of a percentage point increase in unemployment, would send the Mondale pack scurrying after Reagan. "They'd be all over us like a rash," says a top Reagan aide.

Industrial policy, Democrats hope, will be a sexy issue for the fall, especially regionally. The "Rust Belt" concept is currently voguish among them, a geoindustrial term referring to those ailing, aging, even semi-decrepit smokestack industries (steel, notably) that seek protectionist trade packages to ease them into survival and renewal. Reaganites are watching for quota bills —whether on textile, footwear, or auto imports. The counter-strategy is to refrain from getting out in front in opposing such legislative efforts, but to point forcefully to the strong, positive economic news.

On the defense issue, House Democrats will make another run at killing the MX, which is now in conference (the Senate opted for 21 missiles, the House 15), and might well succeed: Last time it survived by only a few votes, Mondale and Hart having in a letter jointly urged the lower chamber to kill it. This go-round, Mondale's clout will be greater and will probably carry. The MX, nevertheless, will live on in reduced numbers since the Republican Senate is for it. Reaganites expect contingency language attached to both authorization and appropriations bills such as, "If the Soviets show no good-faith effort to negotiate, then we build; otherwise no," which Reaganites say they can live with.

ON WOMEN'S and minority issues ("fairness"), Reaganites will counter the Democrats' theatrics with their own political posturings: big gains in the work force affecting women, black youth, and other minorities; rising economic tide lifting all boats; female appointments to the Supreme Court (one) and to the President's Cabinet (three); one-half of Mr. Reagan's three thousand government appointees being women; Kay Ortega being the GOP keynoter, etc.

What matters most in this season, however, is, predictably, the pocketbook. "There are three major issues in this election," notes a savvy White House insider, "the economy, the economy, and the economy." On that track the President is running at full gallop and, with his Celtic luck, will probably stay well ahead of the pack. □

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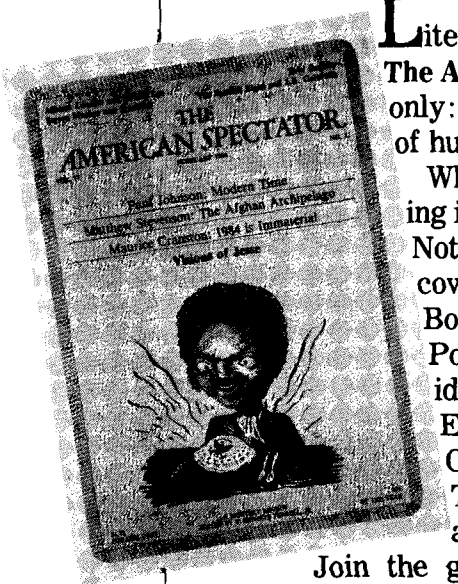

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ECONOMICS AND SALVATION

No doubt you will have heard that, shortly after the November election, the U.S. Catholic bishops will be coming out with a pastoral letter on the U.S. economy. And you may have heard also that "a group of powerful Catholic industrialists, headed by William Simon, the former Secretary of the Treasury" (in the words of Marjorie Hyer of the *Washington Post*), is planning a parallel letter on the same topic, to be released a few months later. I hasten to submit a few observations on the subject before we are all pastoraled out.

First, we should welcome the bishops, or any other group in whom moral authority has been vested, into the ranks of economic commentators. Economics cannot be divorced from morals, and it is precisely those economists who have tried to pretend that economics is an exact science, and one that can only be understood by specialists and experts, who have been most likely to lead us astray. Those who say that bishops "aren't qualified" miss an important point. Anything that shifts the focus of discussion away from the "professionals" is potentially a healthy development.

Perhaps I should say right off that I have no "inside knowledge" as to the contents of the letter. But I gather that the bishops will address the economy under four broad headings: job creation; income distribution and welfare; planning and the role of government; trade and international development.

Thinking about this the other day I found myself wondering: Are the bishops going to tell us how to get to Heaven? Probably not, but still it is an interesting question and one that might well be on the mind of a bishop. Admittedly the whole subject is tricky, but here is how I might argue it.

Roughly speaking, we have two types of economic system, capitalism and socialism, the former permitting decentralized ownership and decision-making within the confines of private property; the latter (in its extreme form) centralizing decision-making within the hands of government planners and reducing the citizenry to the status of obedient servants. (They are not always obedient, of course, and then they may have to be sent to the Gulag.)

It is worth noting that the socialist model is structurally similar to the Roman Catholic Church in several respects. The Church, after all, has its "central planner," the Pope, and he has his Curia and subordinate hierarchy of bishops and priests (corresponding to "the Party"). So the Church is somewhat like a command economy—with the crucial difference, of course, that church membership is voluntary. By contrast, they have to put barbed wire around fully socialist countries, to stop people from running away.

Oddly enough, many American clergymen these days seem to want the U.S. economy to more closely resemble the Catholic Church—that is, to want more power concentrated in the hands of government. At the same time some seem to want the Catholic Church to be more like the U.S. economy—that is, to allow bishops, priests, and congregations more freedom to be more "diverse," more independent of the Vatican.

In any event, I think we can take it as a given, in the realm of political economy, that capitalism has proved to be materially far more successful than socialism. This seems to have been one of the great unreported lessons of the 1970s. South Korea, once with an economy one-fifth the size of North Korea's, is now ten times more prosperous than its neighbor. Moreover, theory bears out practice. There are good reasons, unrefuted by socialists, why centrally planned economies cannot do what they are supposed to do.

Now we come to what is perhaps the interesting question in all this: From a bishop's point of view, is material prosperity desirable? Is it conducive to spiritual salvation? If the answer is yes, then the bishops should come out for capitalism. If no, then they have a good argument for socialism. Curiously, however, this is the one argument for socialism that clergymen never seem to make (although there are hints of it in papal encyclicals in which "consumerism" is deplored).

The episcopal case for socialism could be cast in these terms: It is materially so hopeless for those afflicted by it that spiritual hope may well rush in to fill the material void. Gulag slaves with no material prospects sometimes do have one secret possession: a Bible. There *is* a religious revival in the Soviet Union. I know that this is very controversial. The power possessed by Gulag guards (and by Party members) is not at all conducive to *their* salvation. The ultimate spiritual calculus can only be guessed at by mere mortals.

But my point is that our bishops do not seem to be thinking along these lines at all. In considering such mundane matters as income distribution, welfare, international trade, and central planning, they seem to be surrendering to the materialist temptation. But let me stress the words "seem to be." The pastoral letter is not yet written, and for all I know the bishops may well point out that to stress the distribution of income is to open the door to envy; to think of welfare as the solution to poverty is to encourage still more broken homes and ghetto crime; to encourage the creation of jobs in the government sector is to threaten the loss of jobs in the private sector; and to support almost any level of central planning is to invite a degree of state coercion that is antithetical to Christianity. We are not entitled to assume that such important considerations will simply elude the Catholic bishops. □

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Who Are the Villains? What Are They Trying to do to us? Are They Succeeding?

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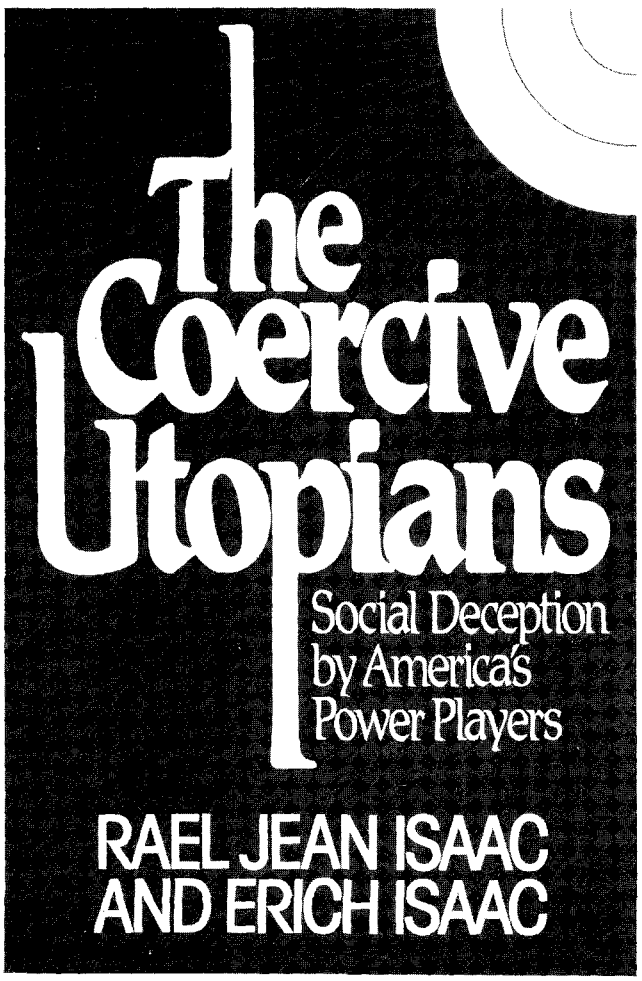

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THE McGOVERN PARTY / FRANK GREGORSKY

The Democrats on HOW TO ACHIEVE PEACE

GEORGE WILL: *Do you have a sense of triumph?*

Goldwater lost big in '64 but soon Goldwaterism sort of became the Republican Party mainstream. Do you think, 12 years after your race in '72, that this is a McGovernite party?

Have you won *the Democratic Party?*

GEORGE MCGOVERN: . . . *I think what has happened is that in 1983-84 people have seen a much more accurate picture of me. I don't think I've changed all that much.*

But I do think the standards that I set in '72, the rules that I ran on, some of the ideas I brought forward, are generally accepted by most Democrats.

Just about everybody now recognizes the war in Vietnam, for example, was a big mistake.

—This Week with David Brinkley, *May 20, 1984*

THE AMERICAN Democratic Party today, almost everywhere outside the South, is led by people profoundly affected by the Vietnam sequence as seen from stateside America. Some are veteran politicians (Walter Mondale, Alan Cranston, Claiborne Pell) once comfortable with the Truman-JFK-Johnson "containment" approach to Communism. Others (Tom Downey, Chris Dodd, and a host of other young Democratic congressmen) became politically aware during the Vietnam era, and began political careers that would sharply alter their party.

When Senator Henry Jackson died—on the day after the KAL 007 atrocity—official Washington justifiably praised him as a tough centrist, one who mixed liberal idealism with a clear-headed view of the way the world works. It didn't ask the logical follow-up: Who's left to live out that legacy in the Democratic Party?

Indeed, what name comes to mind, other than that of Senator Sam Nunn of Georgia? There really isn't anyone else. Democratic senators like Lloyd Bentsen and David Boren may now and then risk a speech in favor of Ronald Reagan's Central America policies, but they count for little when it comes to guiding overall Democratic thinking. One shouldn't expect Sam Nunn, with or without their help, to be any more successful in toughening up Democratic foreign policy in the next five years than Scoop Jackson was in the last five. Containment—the willingness to use or finance force to bolster friendly governments under Communist attack—is dead in the Democratic Party.

EVERYONE KNOWS that Senator Ted Kennedy has a "dovish" voting record on defense and foreign-policy matters. It would be no news to list those votes and say they imply X or Y. What would be a lot more useful is to look at the arguments and underlying assumptions of Kennedy and others, and then ask: Why do their minds work that way?

Kennedy chose to write in *Rolling Stone* (March 15, 1984):

> Reagan is the best pretender as President that we have had in modern history. Some White House aides talk of "the peace issue" as if it were mostly a political problem for Ronald Reagan. Others imply that they only need to play for time before launching a wider war in Central America in 1985, which would be a tragic replay of the fateful mistake of two decades ago in Indochina. Administration officials are talking peace in 1984 as a prelude to making war in 1985.

That definitive prose is worth more for insight than a printout of Kennedy's 21-plus years of Senate votes; there's a comprehensive way of viewing America and the world behind it. And Kennedy's motivation-judging, mind-reading rhetoric is not a unique product of his ever-bright revolving-door team of writers, each hoping to be the next Ted Sorensen. The same violent assumptions, the same pining for 1968 and looking under every bed for Tonkin Gulf conspiracies, grace the words of people you have never heard of, like freshman Representative Edward Feighan (D., Ohio), who told the House in March 1984: "President Reagan is preparing for war. And by perpetuating a policy of military intervention that has failed nearly every American President since Monroe, he is sentencing the people of Central America to another endless cycle of violence and poverty and despair."

Taken together, the votes, the speeches, the choice of villains, the terms stressed or ignored, imply a comprehensive, radical world view in which:

1. There are no evil ideologies or governing systems in

Mr. Gregorsky is editor of the weekly newsletter of the House Republican Study Committee and the author of What's the Matter with Democratic Foreign Policy?, *from which this article is excerpted. A hardbound edition will be published in the fall by Green Hill Publishers.*

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the world except for South Africa. Communists are reformers at heart, although they are too rough in their means. They're not inherently bad, but the U.S. is so clumsy and paranoid in its dealings with them that we provoke or give them excuses for their excesses.

2. Left-wing totalitarianism is caused by right-wing authoritarianism, and the U.S. makes both worse. We finance the rightists, and we make the leftists more extreme by not competing with the Soviets to finance *them*. There's always hope that Nicaragua, Vietnam, the USSR, Cuba, Angola, et al. will behave, if we only treat them as respectable nations run by people not that different from ourselves.

3. Foreign-policy conflicts are worse when America plays world policeman. The lesson of Vietnam is that we can't impose our will anywhere; neither can the Soviets, in the long term. What Presidents say are "vital interests" are often not worth fighting for anyway. To ease world tension the U.S. should maintain a low profile in any area where it wants to keep its influence.

4. American military force is proper only to defend the U.S. and (perhaps) a few of its democratic allies against an attack that has already commenced. Threatening force to prevent a feared attack is too risky in almost all circumstances. Force never really settles anything—and if it does, it shouldn't. Even when a victory for freedom is quick and relatively cheap, as in Grenada, it's still wrong, a violation of principle.

5. Political negotiations and military force have nothing to do with each other; Clausewitz, U. S. Grant, and Henry Kissinger were wrong. In fact negotiations and force are mutually exclusive. Presidents who subsidize or threaten force prove that they don't want to negotiate. Members of Congress and peace activists who forswear force make the best negotiators because the other side knows no harm will come to it from the United States.

ALTHOUGH THIS ARTICLE demonstrates that today's Democrats are linked to an unrealistic and incompetent way of thinking, it should not be taken as a narrow endorsement of Ronald Reagan's Administration. From Truman's time to now, except for Jimmy Carter's term, the U.S. has handled itself in a troubled world with an approach combining idealism of purpose with a realistic understanding of what is happening geopolitically. In brief, it is traditional American internationalism.

The hallmarks of that tradition are pragmatism, flexible tactics, and a conviction that the U.S. is a force for good and a bulwark against Soviet colonialism, able to learn from its mistakes while not forgetting the big picture. That tradition encompasses the work and mindset of Harry Truman, Dwight Eisenhower, John Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, and Ronald Reagan.

The post-1945 tradition includes a series of foreign-policy successes that saved Greece and Turkey for NATO in the late 1940s; Lebanon for the West in 1958 and Jordan in 1970; Western Europe from famine and Stalin's threats up to 1949 and—through NATO—from Warsaw Pact invasion since; South Korea in the early Fifties; Guatemala in 1954; Indonesia and the Dominican Republic in 1965; Israel in 1973; and Grenada in 1983.

Through competent diplomacy it kept Taiwan from Mainland domination, engineered a neutral and relatively free Austria, helped West Berlin stand up to Soviet bullying in 1948 and 1961, rebuilt Japan into a Pacific showcase for freedom, and formed military pacts between the U.S. and its sister democracies everywhere.

It was not all roses. There were failures in Cuba, Iran, and, in huge dimension, Southeast Asia. There was intense disagreement between the two parties about foreign policy in the 1952 and 1964 presidential elections. There was high defense spending and the death of servicemen overseas. There were official lies by Johnson and Nixon and nuclear alerts that terrified the nation.

Running foreign policy as the world's leading free nation after 1945 was not easy. But at least the two parties had shared assumptions, even if they didn't always think so at the time. During the period of cold-war consensus (1946-68), there was bipartisan agreement on the value of freedom, and in perceiving the long-term threat from the USSR. The left wing of the Democratic Party and the right wing of the GOP made the noise but the centrists of both parties made the history; they became instructors of reality to the rest of the political culture.

The modern Democratic Party, led now by two generations traumatized by Vietnam, can't govern in that tradition of realism. It is a tradition that includes threats, bombs, an interventionist CIA, and lots of ice-cold calculation, as well as economic aid, peace pacts, diplomatic protests, and summits at which good will is displayed. Today's Democrats seem to like only the last four. That is not enough to defend U.S. interests in a dangerous world.

McGovern, Tsongas, the late Frank Church, and other Democrats perfected the technique of not holding left-wing governments accountable for their actions. Those governments, quoting Lenin and justifying brutality in the name of Communism, are history's fault. Or maybe America's fault for being on the wrong side of that history and supporting Batista, Trujillo, Somoza, and Thieu. Or maybe no one's fault at all, because left-wing governments aren't objectionable to begin with.

When a Communist regime seems likely, McGovern Democrats are willing to bet on its neutrality. Even though there is only one Yugoslavia, they treat it as the rule, not the exception; the mutant improbably becomes the model. French philosopher Jean-François Revel wrote that some people on the Left think there's

> some variety of Communism other than Stalinism. But Stalinism is the very essence of Communism. What varies is not the Stalinist system but the harshness with which it is applied. You cannot shoot or imprison all of the people all of the time. Nor is it necessary every day of the week to send tanks to reestablish Stalinist order in a friendly country. At times when pressure from above plus a rising standard of living are enough to forestall rebellion, repression need not be spectacular: It is part of the daily routine. But it is nonetheless Stalinist.

The people making Democratic foreign policy today, from craftsmen Kennedy, Pell, Cranston, and Mondale to apprentices Bonker, Feighan, Weiss, and Martinez, implicitly reject that statement. They appear to believe Stalinism exists only as a historical relic (Khrushchev got rid of it) or, if here and now, as a by-product of the change from a right-wing government to a left-wing one—a change the U.S. didn't get on the right side of.

Since Communism doesn't strike them as an independ-

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ent, inexorable force feeding on totalitarian personalities and ideologies, McGovern Democrats don't fear it. It's an animal their world view has not equipped them to tame.

ONLY ONCE in the 1984 nomination campaign did Mr. Mondale make a serious effort to sound less than radical on foreign policy. Still desperate for votes after his March 13 victories in Alabama and Georgia allowed him to escape being driven out of the race by Gary Hart, Mondale picked a fight with Hart in the Illinois primary. The issue was troops in Honduras.

Mondale said Hart's stance, identical to McGovern's in pledging to stop all U.S. military action in Central America, meant "pulling the plug" and showed lack of foreign-policy experience. He said in Chicago on March 14 that U.S. troops in Honduras might be a "bargaining chip" to get Cubans out of Nicaragua.

Hart hit back a week later (after blowing his lead in Illinois and losing to Mondale by 6 per cent) with a commercial designed to rally the Vietnam generation in Connecticut and New York. It showed a fuse burning away, leading inexorably to another Vietnam:

> When President Reagan sent our troops to Central America he called them advisors. Remember Vietnam? Our troops now serve as bodyguards to dictators and are a slow-burning fuse to war. Vice President Mondale agreed with President Reagan and said he too would leave some of the troops there as bargaining chips with Nicaragua. And he attacks Gary Hart for forcefully saying *get them out.* Our sons as bargaining chips . . . Will we never learn?

The Hart ad was judged even by conservative observers to have been powerful. Hart was pushing panic buttons deep in the psyches of Democratic voters in the 25 to forty age group. Mondale quickly sensed this, and did just what one would expect: He caved.

In a televised debate six days before the April 3 New York primary, Mondale challenged Hart to remove the ad. Mondale stressed how dangerous he thought the Reagan stance in Central America was, and went on to spell out how he agreed with Hart. In the end, Mondale's only difference with Hart was over U.S. troops in Honduras; Mondale called Honduras a democracy that could use some American help. The issue faded from the Democratic campaign. A week later Mondale resumed his attack on Hart for not endorsing the nuclear freeze early enough.

WHAT THE DEMOCRATS ARE SAYING

NICARAGUA

REPRESENTATIVE MATTHEW MARTINEZ *(D., Calif.), February 9, 1984: "At first the revolution in Nicaragua was welcomed by leaders of this country. But when the Nicaraguan leaders looked beyond the American style of democracy, to establish a unique, indigenous form of government tailored to accommodate the needs of that nation, the revolution was declared as having been lost to Soviet-Cuban ideology and subsequently targeted for U.S.-supported subversion and terrorism. I say that this perception is wrong. Revolutions take time to mature."*

REPRESENTATIVE TOM DOWNEY *(D., N.Y.), on anti-Communist forces in and around Nicaragua, July 28, 1983: "It appears as though some of my colleagues have transited the last thirty years without learning very much about American diplomatic history or the history of Central America. . . . Some of the blackest pages of American history have been written in that portion of the world. . . . American troops have been [in Nicaragua] twice in this century. The only thing that is different is that no longer are we interested in directly sending in American troops . . . We are now prepared to do a land version of the Bay of Pigs, with the ten thousand thugs, brigands, and thieves . . ."*

JESSE JACKSON, *to Barbara Walters, February 23, 1984: "We ought to recognize [Nicaragua] right now. We ought not to embrace El Salvador's . . . killer regime."*

CASTRO'S CUBA

GEORGE MCGOVERN, *in his autobiography* Grassroots *(1977): "Castro does not seem to be a dictator for his own sake, but a convinced revolutionary who is popular among his own people. Though we may wish that he would see the world our way, his own scale of values weighs social and economic equality far more than civil liberties. He will never, it is clear, trade his conceptions for American tourism and trade."*

REPRESENTATIVE DON BONKER *(D., Wash.), July 28, 1983: "Twenty-five years ago, we Americans experienced considerable discomfort with . . . the installation of a Communist government next to our borders. Did that in itself threaten our security? Castro has failed miserably in seeking to export his revolution in the intervening years."*

ANDROPOV & CO.

GEORGE MCGOVERN, *a few days before the Soviets shot down KAL 007: "I think we ought to be very thankful that this man Andropov seems to be a reasonable guy and somewhat restrained. Because certainly the Reagan-Weinberger approach is one of intense confrontation. It's almost as though they were spoiling for a military showdown."*

SENATOR GARY HART *(D., Colo.), on the Soviet Union's decision to boycott the 1984 Olympics: "I think it's unfortunate and tragic. The Reagan Administration has to understand that our relationships with the Soviet Union spring from whether or not we're achieving arms control. If we're not achieving arms control, then it spills over into and colors every other aspect of our relationship."*

GEORGE MCGOVERN, *after Yuri Andropov's death: "It is a modern tragedy that one of the Soviet Union's most intelligent and realistic leaders has served and died during the Administration of the most ill-informed and dangerous man ever to occupy the White House."*

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Despite the backtracking, press commentary in late March showed an overvaluation of the Hart-Mondale jousting on Central America. Ben Wattenberg, a founder of the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, formed in 1973 to counter McGovernism, started feeling better about Walter Mondale. He denounced Hart for taking the Democrats down the McGovern trail and predicted Mondale would win the nomination and stop the rot.

Washington Post columnist Stephen Rosenfeld went further, detecting a "fundamental difference" on Central America between Hart and Mondale: "Mondale supports the Democratic Party's familiar, centrist, anti-Communist internationalism . . ."

Now, Mondale has put far more blame on Reagan than on the Soviets for the absence of an arms-control breakthrough. He dodged Barbara Walters's questions on defending the relatively pro-U.S. status quo in Western Europe and Mexico. He's eager to admit that supporting the Kennedy-Johnson Vietnam policy was "the worst mistake of my political life," and has no serious complaint about anything that has occurred in Southeast Asia since 1975. In short, Walter Mondale doesn't come across as a hawk in any part of the world or on any major defense issue.

Traditional Democrats should stop hoping for a JFK revival in the Democratic Party infrastructure of 1984. The plain truth is there is now more radical rhetoric on the floor of Congress than on the typical college campus.

The Democratic Party is steadily moving toward becoming the U.S. equivalent of the British Labour Party. The trend is there in House debates, in voting patterns, in the compromised leadership of Jim Wright and Robert Byrd, in the pandering of presidential candidates to caucus activists, in the immediate and hysterical (or merely querulous) reaction to America's move into Grenada, in Gary Hart's incendiary TV commercials, in the way so many Democrats revel in their Vietnam trauma given any opening, and in the way George McGovern, once perceived as being out in left field, blended right in with the rest of 1984's Democratic presidential candidates.

The British Labour Party was only pulled back from pacifism in the late 1930s by the overwhelming presence and mortal threat of Adolf Hitler. What is in the offing today that would so awaken the American Democratic Party? What could the U.S. afford to withstand that could educate the rank-and-file who learned every wrong lesson imaginable from Vietnam, and then stopped learning? □

Communism and History

Senator Paul Tsongas *(D., Mass.), in a floor speech, January 29, 1980: "If you want to understand Castro, go back and look at Batista. If you want to understand what happened in the Dominican Republic, go back and look at Trujillo. If you want to see what happened in Nicaragua, look at Somoza. If you want to find out what happened in Vietnam, look at Diem. If you want to find out what happened in Cambodia, look at Lon Nol. Look at the Shah of Iran."*

Senator Christopher Dodd *(D., Conn.), August 1983: "I'm not suggesting we ought to embrace [Marxists]. But we can have intelligent, thoughtful relations with these countries and we shouldn't [assume] that [if] someone happens to be a Marxist, that immediately they're going to be antagonistic to our interests or going to threaten our security."*

Walter Mondale, *to Barbara Walters, February 23, 1984: "We have made more mistakes over the last sixty years believing that [we should impose] our notion of what, say, the government of Nicaragua ought to be . . . and the net result is one of bitterness, suspicion, and hostility toward us. . . . We have to let these people develop their own traditions, their own history, and their own respect for themselves, and show some restraint. We can't solve anything with an American gun."*

Indochina

Walter Mondale, *February 10, 1971: "History has given us words for what we are doing in Indochina. We are making a wilderness of devastation in three countries, a wilderness of our own schools and cities and farms starved by war spending. We are making a wilderness, and call it peace."*

Senator Claiborne Pell *(D., R.I.), after blaming the U.S. military for part of the 1968 Hué massacre, a crime usually ascribed to Communist forces even by antiwar historians: "There is no absolute certainty that there would be a bloodbath. As I have noted it appears there is a possibility that some of the people buried in the trenches at Hué may well have been killed by American bombs, so many deaths may not be clear evidence in themselves that a bloodbath would ensue."*

Grenada

Representative Ted Weiss *(D., N.Y.), in the House, October 26, 1983: "There is no way of distinguishing what we are doing in Grenada and what [the Soviets] have done in Afghanistan. . . . In ordering the invasion of Grenada, Ronald Reagan has adopted the tactic of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor as the new American standard of behavior."*

Representative Major Owens *(D., N.Y.), in the House, October 26, 1983: "The invasion of the tiny island of Grenada is illegal, immoral, and a wasteful expenditure of human lives . . . We must reject this new policy which implies that the United States is responsible for maintaining democratic institutions in all the countries of the Western hemisphere. . . . Let the people of Grenada work out their destiny."*

Senator Pat Leahy *(D., Vt.), in the* Washington Post, *October 27, 1983: "We'd like to have another country to invade, but they can't find one small enough."*

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THE INDIAN SUMMER OF TIBET

I HAVE SPENT three weeks in Tibet, "where the mountains are high and the land is pure," as a seventh-century hymn put it. I have traveled more than 1,300 miles by bus, army truck, and hiking boots, and have gone up to 18,000 feet on Mount Everest. I have seen more of Tibet than 98 per cent of all Western visitors, ever. I must tell the tale.

Tibet, an independent country and culture for more than 1,300 years, was invaded by the Chinese Communists in 1950, but was not really crushed till after its terrible rebellion of 1956-59. Its Dalai Lama was forced to flee to India. Mao shut all monasteries and destroyed many with 105-mm. cannon. Monks and nuns were forcibly married and/or raped. Many monks were imprisoned; some were castrated and killed; a few abbots were killed by having their ears drilled with a brace and bit and molten lead poured into their brains, or by having their eyes scooped out with spoons and their brains scooped out through the eye sockets. Popular piety was suppressed: Pilgrimage, prostration, prayer flags on one's house, an "Om Mani Padme Hum" in one's mouth—all brought death. Perhaps a million Tibetans, out of six million, were killed or exiled. Tens of thousands of widows were rape-married to Chinese soldiers. This is the face of Communism.

There was little left for the gangs of Chinese "Cultural Revolutionaries" to wreck, from 1966 on. Mao died in 1976, and his eventual successor, Deng Xiaoping, apparently horrified, relaxed religious persecution and economic exploitation from 1979 on, in order to reconcile Tibetans to permanent Chinese rule. A few temples and 13 monasteries were reopened. Buddhist piety was decriminalized. Prayer flags and wheels reappeared everywhere in Tibet, which re-emerged as a solidly—blatantly—national and Buddhist entity.

A few thousand foreigners have been allowed into Tibet in the last five years. They have been told that *all* the destructions and horrors were wrought by the Gang of Four. Some found out better. Peking became alarmed. The Tibetan national/religious revival was going too far. In 1983 liberalization gained momentum in Tibet while being cut back by Peking. Foreign visits were restricted while a new wave of repression broke in September and October. It was to this reviving, burgeoning, but again threatened Tibet, to this Indian summer of Tibetan culture perhaps faced with its final winter, that I came in mid-September 1983.

A haunting scene on the way to the airport in Szechwan: Hours before dawn many great hay wagons were being dragged by straining, agonizing pairs of young women, chained like horses to the yokes. The flight was eight hundred miles long, over forested gorges, snowy mountains, and arid ridges. We landed at Lhasa airport, and forbidden, dreamlike Tibet became ordinary and polluted by my being able to get there.

Foreigners are housed in a Chinese colonialist walled army compound, a semi-safe four miles from the city of Lhasa. Communists can destroy the old world and build a new one in its place, but they can't keep a toilet working; as the days went by, our excrement slowly piled up into a revolting pigsty, and more magic of Tibet evaporated.

The altitude, 11,700 feet, hits you in the lungs and stomach. But there across four miles of yak meadows was Lhasa, beneath the dramatic shadows and delicate green sunny slopes of its mountains, under world-class clouds and a steel blue sky. And there was the Potala Palace of the Dalai Lamas, red, white, and golden-topped on its mid-valley hill, a Wonder of the World.

We were jolted through the new Chinese city of Lhasa, a travesty of a new Soviet city, which is a travesty of a city. Like all imperialists, the Chinese have brought straight, tree-lined avenues, motorized transport, sewers, hospitals, schools, theaters, and athletic fields. Many Western visitors so identify these things with civilization that they think them well worth the price exacted: Tibetan freedom, religion, culture, soul.

But in old, pre-Communist Lhasa, a town less than half a mile across, the marvelous, complex structure of Tibetan culture was quickly revealed. The world knows the Buddhist, monastic, disciplined, mystical side of Tibet, but on the spot one sees the individual, undisciplined, assertive, highly colored, forceful, often violent, sometimes murderous side. Tibetan culture is an age-long tension and struggle between absorbed Buddhist self-control and intrinsic Tibetan vehemence. A culture more directly opposite in spirit to the Chinese would be hard for an anthropologist to construct, and this, quite aside from Communism, has exacerbated the Chinese-Tibetan conflict.

THE HOUSES of a Chinese village tend to recede delicately into the background. But Tibetan buildings blare out from the austere landscape. They are boldly whitewashed, with broad, slashing black bands around doors and windows and under eaves topped with winter fuel and yak-dung patties, all garnished with brightly colored details. The serene and mystic monasteries scream at you from a dozen miles away with violently contrasted blocks of maroon and white, great pylons from which, like drive-in movie →

NR has followed Mr. Randall from China —"Maoism Is Dead" (March 4, 1977)— through the Himalayas to the Tibetan regions of northern Nepal—"A Walk to Tibet" (July 11, 1980). With this article he gets to the heart of Tibet.

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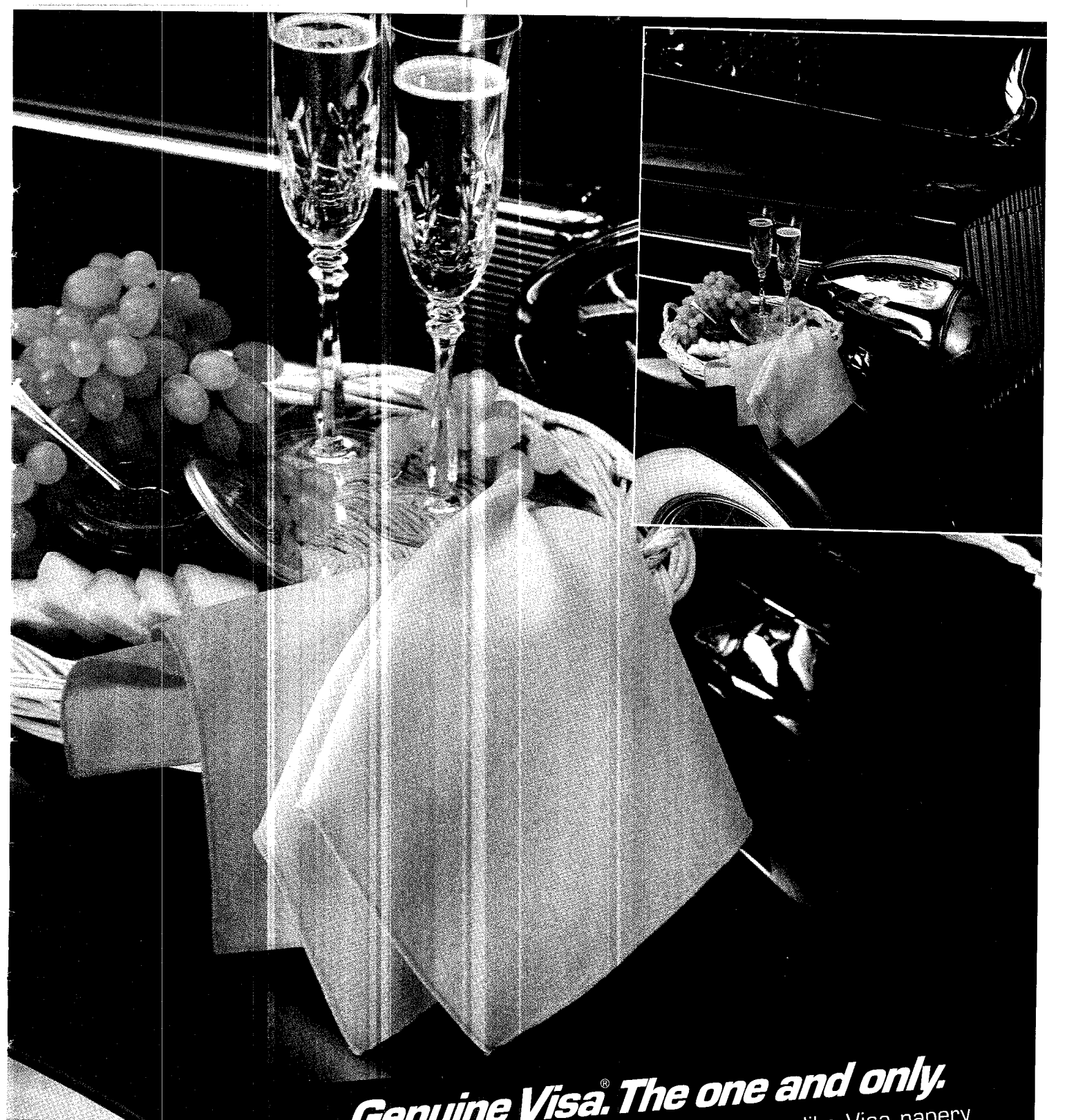

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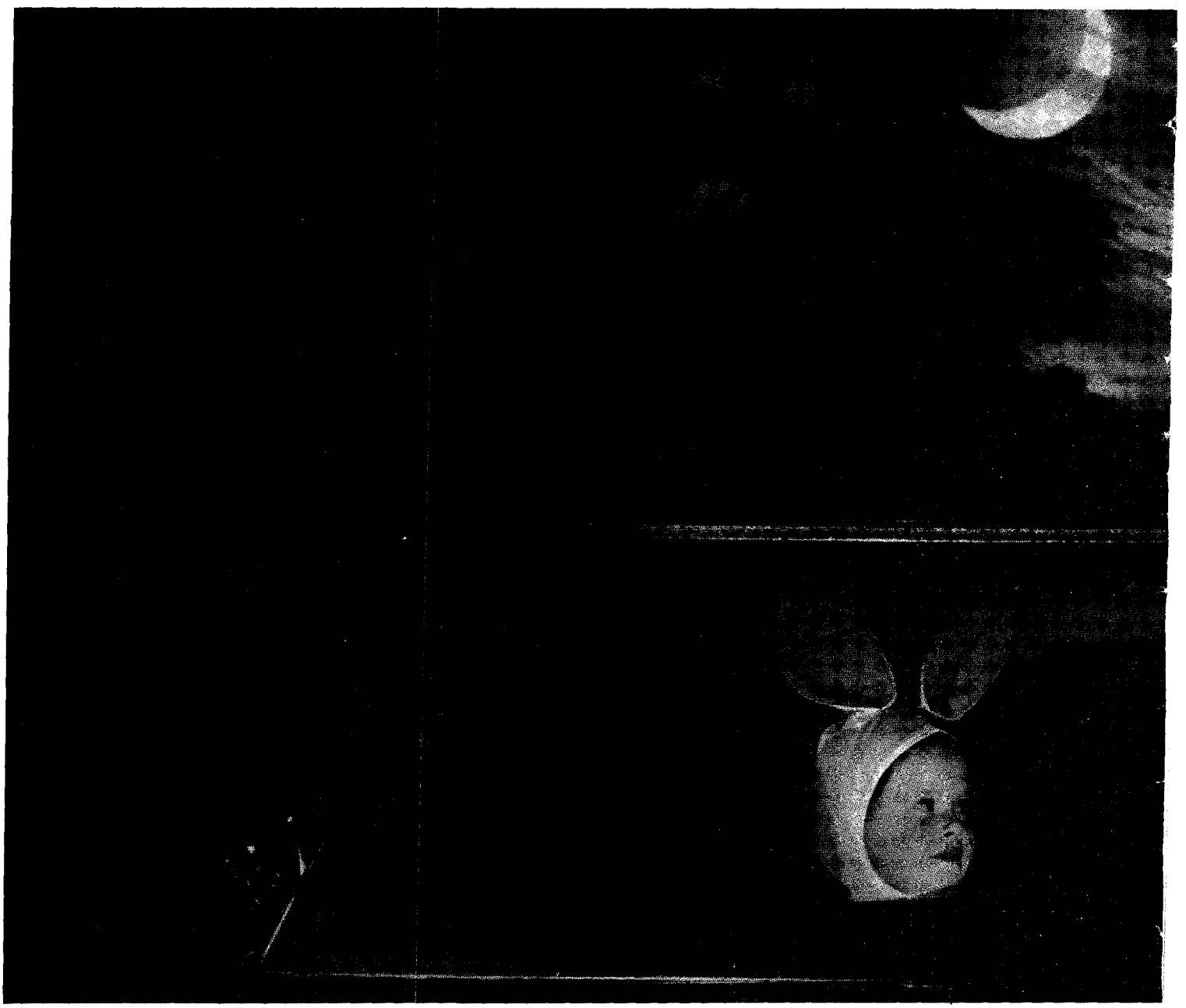

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screens, banners with faces one hundred feet high are hung, and golden roofs whose glitter fights the snows of the mountains.

Chinese rarely dress so as to emphasize their differences. But Tibetans all manage to look egregiously different. Their combed, braided, inhabited hair sports a wisp or two that unravels as the day goes on. The women's brilliant green or blue turbans, the men's loud, red cloth boots with yakskin heels and daggers in traceried sheaths, the jewelry of both sexes, by the pound, bosses of worked silver, necklaces and bracelets of big, crudely cut turquoises, corals, and black-and-white "Z stones"—all, especially their whole sheepskin coats, seem barbaric to the Chinese.

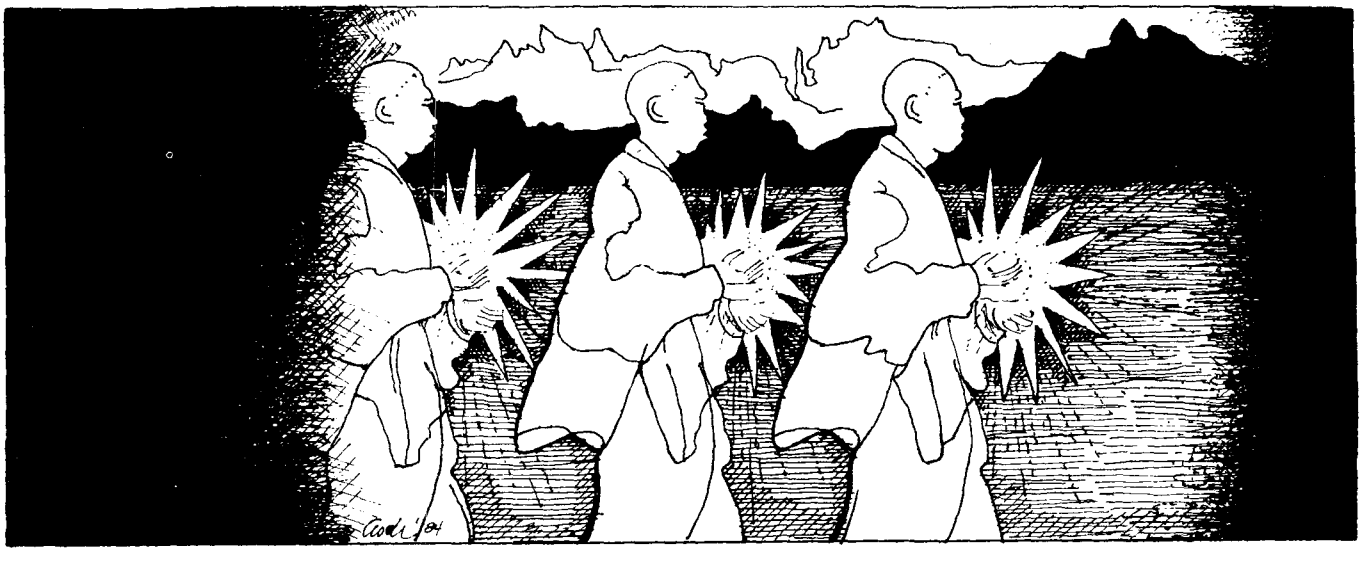
Chinese are usually self-controlled and conflict-avoiding in public. But Tibetan men swagger like Texans; when they advance, Chinese and Westerners alike do well to stand to one side. They shove through crowds like warriors. Monks and women don't quite swagger, but they walk with firm, unashamed steps and anything but downcast eyes. Tibetans, no matter how poor, diseased, and wretched, stared at us, grinned at us, made uproarious remarks about us, and followed us about, usually with an exuberant Mexican friendliness, but sometimes they threw garbage. They begged freely from us and were overpowering in their capitalist desire to sell all the family jewelry from their bodies. Given the least response by us, they invited us to guzzle barley beer with them. Little boys clung to my fingers and led me down the streets to howls of laughter, smiled enchantingly, and begged for cigarettes and ballpoint pens.

Every Tibetan house was planted with branches or canes bristling with paper or cloth prayer flags, humble Buddhist prayers that were also vehement defiance of Communism. Many people twirled prayer wheels, sometimes menacingly in the direction of Chinese. In and near holy sites many Tibetans prostrated themselves on the filth-paved streets, flopping down *hard*. One wretchedly poor pilgrim wore the pilgrim's wooden mittens, which he clapped loudly as he prepared to prostrate in the mud and sewage and crawl a few inches toward the great Jokka Kang Temple a few blocks away, the traditionally most self-abnegating act known to any religion. Then he rose proudly to his full height, glared at us, and clapped again. He was genuinely abasing himself, emptying himself of self-assertion to open himself to a Buddha—but he was also, simultaneously, calling all Lhasa's attention to himself, reasserting Tibetan Buddhist ways egregiously no matter who might not like it, saying plainly by his bodily actions, "Down with all foreigners! Away with the Chinese! To *hell* with Communism!" This was the essence of the wonderful, dialectically conflicting Tibetan character.

The Chinese no longer even tried to take us to factories and communes. We explored the great temples and monasteries—but this is not a Baedeker. Characteristically, symbolically, our visit to the Potala was transformed when we were swept into the making of a movie, into the crowds of extras in authentic or theatrical Tibetan costumes. We are probably *in* the movie, and it won't make much difference.

These shrines left us with two overwhelming impressions. One we tried to resist: This was the Mysterious Orient of Victorian novels and Korda films—dark halls, crowded Buddhas, acres of gold and jewels glinting in the dim, religious light of thousands of yak-butter lamps, unceasing gongs . . . The other gave us heart-warming joy: The hundreds of monks, the thousands of visitors, worshippers, pilgrims—all testified to the utter failure of Communist tyranny to wipe out an ancient, rich, and unique religious culture, and to the sturdy resurgence of Buddhism and Tibet itself, after an ethnocidal, genocidal horror rarely equaled even in this terrible century.

But we did not, as we were scheduled to, visit the great Ganden Monastery, 37 miles up the river from Lhasa. On the morning of September 18 the rumor reached us that Chinese Communist soldiers had arrested—again—every one of the three hundred monks who had returned to Ganden after twenty years of ruin to start rebuilding it, and were sending them to prison in China. There was a rumor that the monks of Ganden were again unusually nationalist. There was a rumor that Tibetan nomads in the north had massacred a busful of Chinese. There was no conceivable way to verify any of these rumors, but Ganden remained off limits for the rest of our stay in Tibet. When I returned to America, Tibetan exiles reported that more than 2,500 Tibetans were arrested in September and October in a new crackdown on nationalist sentiment, and that 23, at least, had been executed. Thus I was present at a significant turn in the history of a tormented country and could find out *nothing*.



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Uncrushed, Tibetans during those three weeks opened their first exhibit of contemporary paintings, wholly un-Communist and strongly nationalist/religious. Likewise, they staged the premiere of the first Tibetan opera-ballet, gorgeously presented, with a strikingly Buddhist climax. Most cheering of all, we helped them celebrate October 1, the Chinese Communist founding holy day. Somehow the Tibetans managed to leave Mao, Communism, and China out of their celebration. We joined thousands of them in the Norbulinka Park, the summer-palace grounds of the Dalai Lamas. Here, on the grass, among the brightly colored pavilions, around the walled ponds and under the noble trees, families of Tibetans set up tented enclosures with brilliant felt appliqué designs of Buddhist symbols and dragons, and devoted themselves for three days of Buddha-ordained glorious weather to eating 25-course meals and to reasserting Tibetan nationhood and defying Communist discipline and prudery by getting smashed on barley beer.

We set out for Mount Everest, four hundred miles and three days' journey southwest. The agriculture of the Lhasa valley was seriously damaged by the Communist campaign to grow unsuitable wheat instead of hardy Tibetan barley. It flopped, of course, but not before this little caper of socialist planning had caused the death by starvation of thousands of Tibetan peasants and the ruination of thousands of acres of scarce, vulnerable Tibetan fields, whose delicate soil is now plastered as wind-blown sand one thousand feet up the valley walls.

The farther valleys, 12,000 to 15,000 feet, were more heartening, in spite of this year's meager harvest—green with vegetables and golden with ripening barley. The barley was being harvested before our eyes, by man- and woman-power, with a tractor or two every fifty miles. Chanting villagers threshed great stacks of grain. Women gathered yak dung, vitally important for fertilizer as well as for fuel. Tibetans think gathering yak dung is a most proper job for women.

And the yaks were there—by the millions, in spite of the loss of half their number during collectivization. They are large, black, preternaturally hairy, primeval, Ice Age *beasts*, especially when they emerge dripping from icy streams. When thousands of them graze on 16,000-foot pastures beneath a great, snowy, 24,000-foot dome, an American thinks with a pang of our vanished buffalo. Above the green and gold valleys rise the mountain walls, part semi-desert pasture, part rockslide and scree, austerely beautiful like a more giant Nevada. We zigzagged up and up for hours a few times a day to reach passes, often at 17,300 feet, marked by piles of prayer stones and prayer flags. The air was thin and clear, the horizon immense, and we walked about uncertainly as if we were about to collapse.

IN A DAY we reached Tibet's second city, Shigatse, the seat of the Dalai Lama's rival, the Panchen Lama, a tragic figure whose collaboration with the Chinese Communists brought him and Tibet no good. Another day brought us to Shegar, a town at 14,500 feet. Running up the 1,500-foot cliffs above it was once the Crystal Monastery, one of the holiest in Tibet. In 1960 the "People's Liberation Army" murdered all the monks, drew up a park of 105-mm. cannon, and shelled the place to smithereens. The third day we switched to an army truck that hurled us back and forth over rocky tracks (the way most of the Third World has to travel), over the last 17,300-foot pass, and to our campsite in the very walls of the murdered and ruined Rongbuk Monastery at the foot of Mount Everest.

Rongbuk Monastery, at 16,500 feet, is the classic point from which to view Everest. The valley walls are oriented perfectly to frame Everest, all of Everest, and nothing but Everest. We could see that Everest is *beautiful* as well as mighty. The summit pyramid, with a gale wind blowing the famous snow plume east off its peak, floated on a cloud band a mile thick, above a sensational play of lights on the lower snows of the 10,000-foot north wall and the Rongbuk Glacier. Fifteen miles from the summit.

Two days later, still unacclimatized to 16,500 feet (just a little vomiting at dawn to perk one up for the day), we were bounced by our truck four miles up the valley to the North Everest Base Camp, at 16,900 feet, 11 miles from the summit of the now absolutely clear and preternaturally near Everest. This was the beginning of the holiest ground known to mountaineers. From here, in 1924, Mallory and Irvine set out on their tragic climb, perhaps to the summit of Everest, certainly to their deaths. Mountaineers are true modern heroes, combining science and precision tools with strength, endurance, and courage. And unlike soldiers, they kill no one but themselves.

Here, on the broad, desolate gravel flats just below the half-mile-wide, gravel-covered snout of the Rongbuk Glacier, we found three base camps in separate, natty sets of roomy tents. The Swiss expedition had suffered a setback: Their leader's leg was broken in an avalanche, but he was heroically in his tent directing things. The French expedition had a summit team way up there at 26,400 feet, waiting for lesser winds for the summit dash. And the first Catalan Himalayan expedition ever had a summit team at 27,100 feet, also waiting. The wind stayed too cruel all during our five days at Everest; to this day I don't know if any of them made it. Two weeks later, an American expedition starting from the Kharta Glacier in Tibet east of Everest, after failures in 1981, 1982, and the spring of 1983, was at last successful. On October 8 three of its men climbed the hitherto unconquered east face of Everest; three more on October 9. The first team saw two Japanese and a Sherpa coming up from Nepal, who were killed later in the day trying to get down from the summit. Once more, Everest gave glory and death.

Our own expedition was more modest. From the base camp we walked four miles on top of the gravel-covered Rongbuk Glacier and up the gorge of the East Rongbuk Glacier to the site, at about 18,000 feet, of British Camp One—in sight of the fields of icy pinnacles on the glacier, eight miles from the summit. For me it was the end of the line. Tibet—the highest country—and Everest—the highest mountain—are at the existential extremes of human experience. In Tibet no man, and not even the whole people and the whole marvelous unique culture, can be sure of surviving through any given year. On Everest no man can be sure of surviving through the day. But a day on Everest is worth a cycle at home. And who can equal the infinite privilege of being a wretchedly poor and totally menaced Tibetan? "Tibet, where the mountains are high and the land is pure." □

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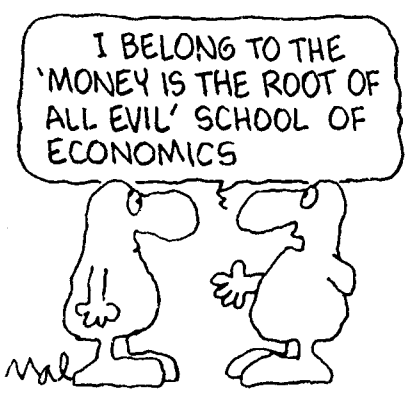

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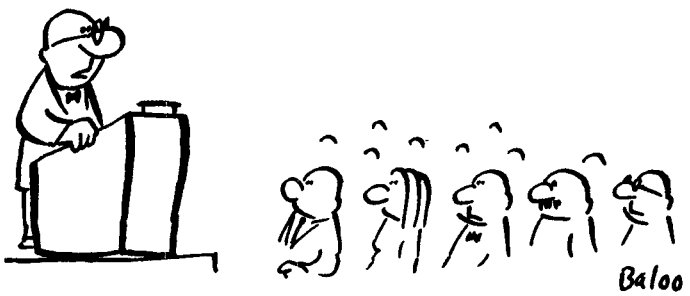
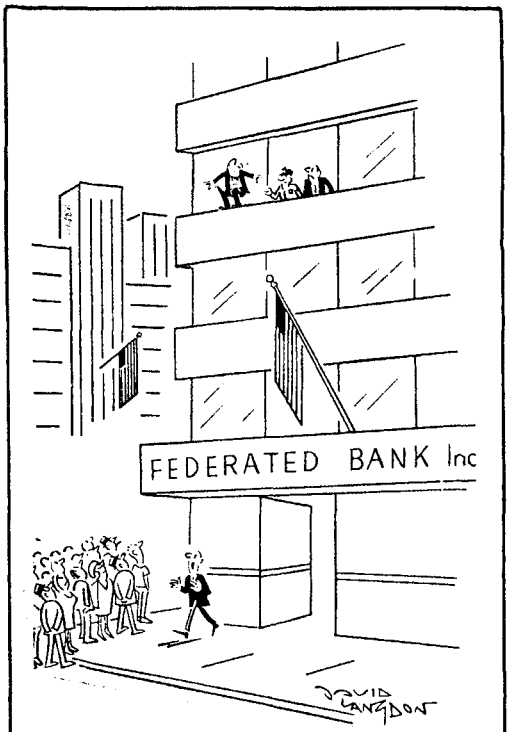


"Fellow solipsists . . ."



"I'm authorized to reassure you it's purely for personal domestic reasons."

Langdon, *Punch* / Rothco

Hunting Where the Ducks Are

The border cops have made it clear
That Latin immigrants don't fear
The wagging finger or the shout
Delivered with pathetic clout,
And since whole thousands cross each day,
Fritz laces speeches with *Olé!*

W. H. VON DREELE

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GOLDWATER'S FAMOUS 'GAFFE'

On the evening of July 16, 1964, in the Cow Palace in San Francisco, Senator Barry Goldwater accepted the Republican Party's nomination for the Presidency. It had been a long, a very long road to that climactic moment. The grassroots movement for Goldwater's candidacy had existed for a long time, functioning outside the traditional party structure. I know, since I had joined Ohioans for Goldwater—a very nonestablishment group—long before the assassination of President Kennedy. But that melancholy event had drastically altered the political equation. Goldwater's "Southern strategy" had been severely damaged by the presence in the White House of the first Southern President since the Civil War. This in turn revived the hitherto hopeless presidential ambitions of Nelson Rockefeller, who was able to enlist in his ranks all the gurus of "me too" Republicanism.

The Eastern panjandrums of the party—Rockefeller, Lodge, Scranton—saw that a major shift in the seat of power within the party would take place with Goldwater's nomination, and they were out to stop it at any price. And so it became fashionable to call Goldwater an "extremist."

No one really said what an extremist was or why it was bad to be one, but by the time the last "Stop Goldwater" movement had fizzled out on the convention floor and the nomination was secured, Senator Goldwater was pretty fed up with the label. And so in his acceptance speech he turned his detractors' favorite epithet back upon them. "I would remind you," he said, "that extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice." And, he continued, "I would also remind you that moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue." There was a thunderous roar of approval of these words from the convention that heard them. There was a still more thunderous roar of disapproval outside the convention, above all from the media. I, who had drafted the speech, and with whom the famous aphorisms had originated, could not get any editor to publish any of the several articles of commentary I subsequently wrote. (I should add that I did not try any conservative journals, such as *NR* or *Human Events*.)

In *The Rights of Man*, published in 1791, Tom Paine had written, "A thing moderately good is not so good as it ought to be. Moderation in temper is always a virtue; but moderation in principle is always a vice." Strange as it may seem, Paine was here rendering to perfection the doctrine of Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*, which was my source. It was Paine's *Common Sense*, published in January 1776, that issued the trumpet call for independence that came to fruition on July 4 of that year. And independence was the most extreme of all possible courses open to the American people. But, as Abraham Lincoln once said, to seek a middle ground between the principles of freedom and of slavery is to grope for "some middle ground between the right and the wrong, vain as the search for a man who should be neither a living man nor a dead man." No man ever lived who was more moderate in temper than George Washington. No man ever took a more extreme action in defense of liberty.

Badge of Honor

There were, in 1964, several recent antecedents to Senator Goldwater's remark about the extreme. President Kennedy said in his inaugural address, "Let every nation know . . . that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe, to assure the survival and the success of liberty."

And Martin Luther King Jr., in his 1963 "Letter from Birmingham Jail," wrote of how disappointed he had been that his fellow clergymen saw his "nonviolent efforts as those of an extremist." After reflection, however, he decided that this was not a term of reproach but a badge of honor. "Was not Jesus an extremist for love?" King asked. "Was not Amos an extremist for justice? . . . Was not Paul an extremist for the Christian Gospel? . . . Was not Martin Luther an extremist? . . . And John Bunyan? . . . and Abraham Lincoln: 'This nation cannot survive half slave and half free.' And Thomas Jefferson: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal . . .' So the question is not whether we will be extremists, but what kind of extremists we will be."

King was right. The question is indeed not whether we should be extremists, but what kind of extremists we should be. Lincoln said he would consent to any great evil, to avoid an even greater one. But Lincoln could see no middle ground between the principles of slavery and of freedom. Any compromises that we call by the name of political moderation require an inflexible grasp on the difference between good and evil. The principles of Communism are not moderately evil. The principles of political liberty are not moderately good. Extremism in defense of liberty is indeed no vice. Long after the dusty details of the campaign of 1964 have passed out of mind, Senator Goldwater's defiance of his critics will be remembered. His words will ring in the ears of free men, rallying to the defense of liberty, in the hours of darkness and danger that will surely come. □

Mr. Jaffa is Henry Salvatori Research Professor of Political Philosophy at Claremont-McKenna College and Claremont Graduate School. His new book, American Conservatism & the American Founding, *will be published this month by Carolina Academic Press.*

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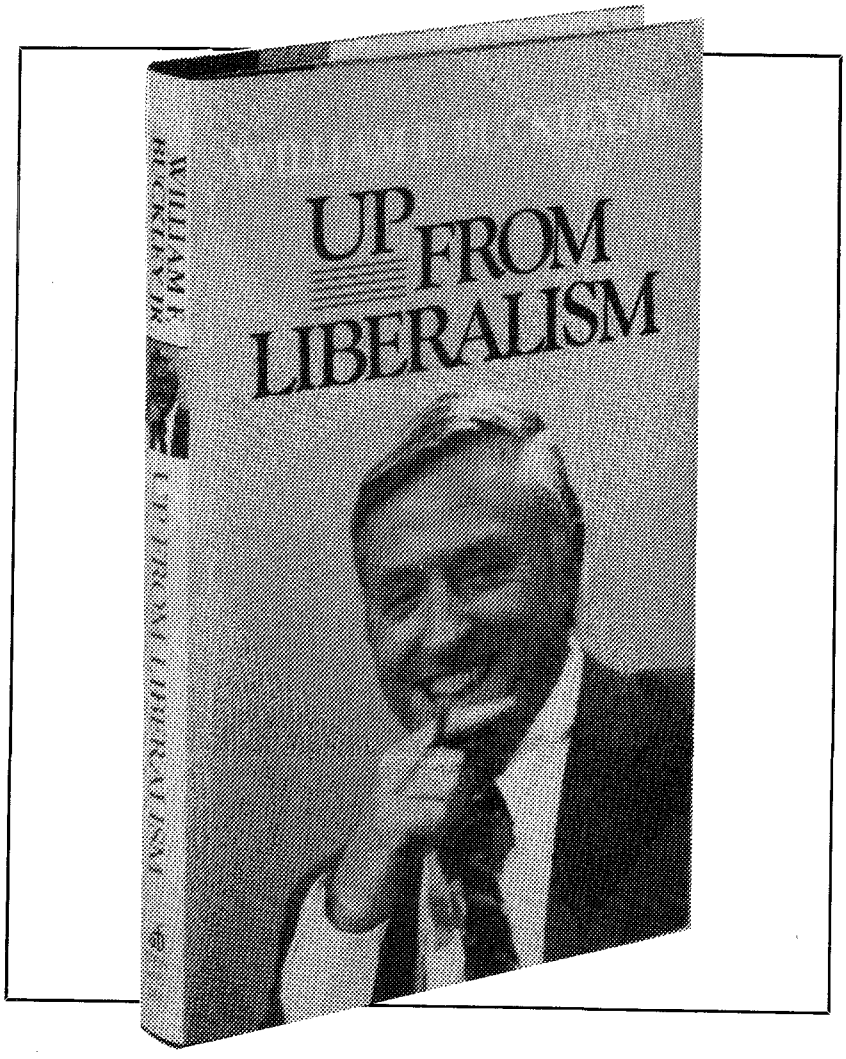
YOU CAN'T CALL YOURSELF A KNOWLEDGEABLE CONSERVATIVE

if you haven't read William F. Buckley, Jr.'s book that helped change the political complexion of America from spotted pink to what it is today.



UP FROM LIBERALISM

With a 1984 Reintroduction by Mr. Buckley

As anyone who has watched Mr. Buckley's Emmy-award winning interviews on "Firing Line" or has read his prize-winning newspaper column or this magazine knows, he delights in taking on the intellectually perverse. You'll have a great time reading UP FROM LIBERALISM, and you'll derive an equal pleasure giving this book to any friends of yours who haven't seen the light.

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HAROLD & FRIENDS

Harold

SHOULD HAROLD call you a pusillanimous, no-good honky—or, in more direct terms, a dirty son of a bitch—you shouldn't necessarily take offense. Could be he's signifying, and these are terms of endearment. It was Vernon Jarrett, a black columnist on the *Chicago Sun-Times* and apologist for Harold, who explained it to us.

Maybe I should first mention that in Chicago if someone talks about Washington and Jackson he does not mean George and Andrew. He is referring to our hometown boys, Harold and Jesse.

But back to signifying. In one especially productive week the genial Harold referred to a startled Walter Jacobson—reputedly the highest-paid TV newsman in Chicago—as the bottom of the barrel, to a popular columnist as illiterate, to another columnist as a racist and a hustler, and to an opponent on the city council as a two-bit low-life hustler. ("Low-life" and "hustler" are favorite words.) That week's installment of PBS's *Chicago Week in Review* featured a discussion of these extravagances. Jarrett, a frequent panel member, turned all jolly. The mayor, he said laughingly, was "signifying"—where everything means the reverse of what it says. You know—like "bad" is "good," and "mean" means "keen." Considering the highly flavored language Harold used later in speaking of Ronald Reagan before a wildly applauding NOW audience, it follows that our President must be Harold's nearest and dearest.

Harold lacks Jesse Jackson's speed and flash and does not depend on his tongue alone to carry him through. He is a lawyer who was temporarily disbarred for defrauding his clients, has spent some time in the poky, and had not bothered about paying bills from his tailor, or utility bills for the apartment houses he owns, or his property taxes ("I guess I forgot"). He became a state legislator courtesy of the machine, and ran up a record for non-attendance in the state capitol.

Harold and Jesse

WHEN CHICAGO's day came for bathing in the Mondale-Hart spotlight, the newsmen invaded our city like the Russians taking over Kabul. They would have saved a bundle and got just as accurate results if they had stayed home and turned on their TV sets. They would have had as much access in New York as they had in Chicago to that syndicated picture they chose as emblematic of Jesse's part in the contest: that flash we'd all seen on TV of Harold with his arm flung about a rapturous Jesse. It even made *Time* magazine. The outlanders interpreted it precisely as they were intended to. The accepted version was succinctly reported by Hedrick Smith of the *New York Times*, who told a misty-eyed story of Jesse riding to victory with the loyal backing of his friend, Mayor Harold Washington.

That contrived picture, a matter of considerable negotiation, nicely illustrated Jarrett's statement on *Chicago Week* that Jesse doesn't just handle the press well; he manipulates it. If the invaders had paid more attention they would have known that a) Harold and Jesse are rivals; b) Harold only endorsed Jesse on the nonbinding "beauty contest" part of the ballot; and c) Chicago's blacks are generally as lukewarm toward Jesse as Harold is.

Harold and Clarence

WHO CAN fault a politician for rewarding his backers and surrounding himself with family and helpful friends? Nepotism is not one of Harold's faults, if only because he doesn't seem to have much in the way of relatives. But his loyalty to friends is colossal.

Renault Robinson vaulted to instant fame as head of the Chicago Housing Authority, a hot potato at best, at a salary of $60,000. In fact, he came close to monopolizing local news for weeks. Scarcely pausing for breath after his appointment, he picked a fight with the craft unions, as every breath in city hall was held. (The unions have always been stalwart financial backers of the regular Democratic organization, but they were already touchy about Harold's promise to put an end to Chicago's time-hallowed patronage.) Then, to prove his friend the mayor wasn't fooling around when he talked reform, Renault fired, in one fell swoop, 259 men whose job it was to keep city-owned high-rise slums in operation. He claimed they were goofing off on the job, and very possibly they were.

But then the cold weather set in. Water pipes froze and burst; tons of solid ice *inside* the buildings made for gorgeous pictures on TV. There was no heat in many buildings; hallways were choked with garbage, and this made for fine pictures too. But the reporters' biggest field day came when elevators all over the city began breaking down. Those still running were commandeered by young toughs who demanded two bits per ride from those who had to go up or down.

All this had been going on for some days, and the journalists were becoming shriller and shriller, before Harold found time to mosey over to a couple of public-housing buildings and have a look. He was quoted as saying something to the effect that things were no worse than usual, which was probably the truth. But the outcry was so great that the housing board stripped Renault of his powers, though it had no authority to fire him. His replacement re-hired the laid-off workers, who, in their final appearance on television, were duly chopping away at the ice. Renault probably didn't mind. He is

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still pulling down a $30,000 salary, for which he does nothing at all.

But it was Clarence—Clarence McClain—whose name became as well known to Chicagoans as Harold's own. Clarence is a gaudy character who lives at the same address as Harold and is his friend and advisor. His advisorship was converted to official status, with the fancy title of director of intergovernmental affairs, at a salary of $60,001, just as soon as Harold was installed at city hall. He was also awarded the title of "pimp" by the reporters after one of those pesky network investigators began checking his record. In addition to the same pattern of unpaid bills and taxes that had decorated Harold's record, other problems popped up. TV reporters gave a new one each day; then the *Tribune* summarized them as seven arrests on charges ranging from armed robbery to pandering for prostitution.

Harold tried to block access to Clarence's police record, and when this only spurred the investigation on, he explained on TV: "All kids make some mistakes when they are young."

Clarence found it expedient to resign his job on October 20, but this did not hamper him much. At a news conference on November 24, Harold was asked why those who wanted anything from the mayor still had to get in touch with Clarence. Loyal Harold replied: "Clarence McClain is a worthy advisor. My hope is to work with that young man all the remaining days of his life. He is in a class by himself. He's a fine, fine gentleman."

Harold and Eddie

THIS MAY come as a shock to the pure in heart, but the late Mayor Richard J. Daley was held in high esteem by many Republicans as well as Democrats, and by much of Chicago's black community. Chicago was "the city that worked." Daley would almost surely have had no trouble winning re-election in an honest vote, but it is the nature of power to take no chances.

Boss Daley's power did not stem from his office as mayor; that office merely provided the means for utilizing the power. The source of his power was the chairmanship of the Cook County Democratic Central Committee, which is composed of ward committeemen, who are elected—by fair means or foul. A telling argument against the candidacy of charmless Bernie Epton, Harold's opponent, whom the Republicans had nominated as a sacrificial goat, was that he would be powerless in the face of a solidly machine-controlled city council. Of course the same argument could have been made against Harold, who would be in the same position *vis-à-vis* a party machine he had threatened with the guillotine—but Harold somehow never mentioned this when he was promising his constituents the moon.

There was a common assumption that Harold's thunder was traditional campaign oratory, which would quickly cease once the election was over. This is the way things work in Chicago, and it was certainly Jane Byrne's assumption when she sweetly and generously welcomed Harold at his inauguration ceremonies. But Harold was having none of this. He threw her welcome back in her face and went into a violent diatribe reaffirming his intention to have it all. The old machinery, the police department, and the city administration were all to bow to the winds of reform. Patronage, or at least white patronage, was dead.

Flushed with electoral success, Harold arrived at his first council meeting prepared to do battle. The first order of business for any new administration is the distribution of spoils by selection of committee chairmen, who reap enormous rewards in power, patronage, and money. But with the roll call, the new mayor learned what it meant to have 21 votes to the opposition's 29. Harold tried to head off disaster by immediately adjourning the shortest meeting in the city's history. And now we meet "Fast Eddie" Vrdolyak, probably the first Chicago alderman whose name is familiar to non-Chicagoans. Eddie is chairman of the Central Committee, therefore head of the machine, which was weakened by Mayor Jane Byrne but is still on top.

Eddie is also acting mayor in the mayor's absence. After Harold's fast adjournment, Eddie simply reconvened the meeting, and the 29 peacefully divided the pie, with few changes from old familiar patterns.

And so the fun began. The 29 called most of the shots while Harold thundered about reforms, but these reforms had a way of appearing to be to Harold's political advantage. All the same, the local newspeople gave Harold credit for instigating, however inadvertently, a new sort of bicameral legislature whereby hitherto dark areas, such as the budget, were opened up and for the first time publicly argued. Eddie frequently taunted the mayor, and Harold's comebacks were not noted for their uplifting quality—e.g., "That's the same old doo-doo," a childish phrase with which columnists had much sport. The greater the decibel level of Harold's denunciations, the gentler Eddie's voice became and the more reasonable his public responses. Columnist Mike Royko said Harold did something Eddie could never have done on his own: He made Eddie the city's most popular white politician.

In the months following Harold's election the daily circus at city hall became the absorbing topic for the press, though of course the Eastern commentators saw it all through tinted glasses. In their pictures of a mythical Chicago, Eddie came through as evil incarnate, and all opposition to Harold was interpreted as racially motivated.

Eddie insisted that race did not enter into the equation, that it was all a matter of political survival—a power struggle that became even bloodier as national politics began to intrude. Eddie had early thrown the power of the machine behind Mondale, and Mondale had paid his fulsome respects to Eddie. This left Harold in a quandary. With a decided preference for "none of the above," he opted for a favorite-son candidacy for himself.

Outlanders of course saw the March 20 primary in terms of Mondale *v.* Hart, with Jesse thrown in for piquancy. Chicagoans were interested in how the Harold/Jesse confrontation would work out. But the real battle was Harold *v.* Eddie, since the election also involved convention delegates and ward committeemen.

Harold scored a direct hit with the virtuous announcement that he would no longer permit the traditional practice of giving city employees a paid holiday on election day. This fitted in nicely with Harold's reform program, for what decent-minded citizen could complain about stopping this obviously cynical practice? It brought yelps of

(Continues on page 53)

Mr. Kelley has lived in the Chicago area ever since the mayor was Bill Thompson, who threatened to "punch King George V in the snoot."

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ABROAD

CALAIS *Revival*

The English Channel tunnel, or "Chunnel," is once more being revived. Two bank consortiums, one French and one British, have newly concluded that financing for the project is perfectly possible to obtain in the international financial market, provided, of course, that the loans are guaranteed by the two governments. The banks are opting for the classic plan of twin railroad tunnels covering the 22 miles between Calais and Dover, with a smaller service tunnel in between. The tunnel trains would be able to transport 3,600 vehicles an hour in each direction, representing 60 per cent of the current ferry traffic. This would permit an 8 or 9 per cent return on the investment. Moreover the Strait of Dover is the most crowded in the world. Five hundred vessels pass through it every day, and the figure is expected to double in the next twenty years. The governments are less enthusiastic than the banks, however, particularly the French government, which remembers the abandoned tunnel attempt of 1975, when several hundred yards of digging were carried out on both shores. One solution would be to have the loans guaranteed by the European Economic Community, which has a fixed interest, after all, in binding its component parts more closely together.

ROME *Dubious Battle*

Arms for export can sometimes become an awkward commodity. This is a precept being pondered by the Italian authorities, who, in 1980, okayed contracts worth $2 billion for the construction of 11 warships for the Iraqi navy. The shipyards are now almost ready to deliver the ships, and suddenly it looks, according to foreign observers here, as if the Italians may be furnishing Iraq a fleet that could sweep the Persian Gulf. Spokesmen for the shipyards in Venice and La Spezia that are building the vessels (four frigates and six corvettes, all with missile capabilities, and a supply ship) are understandably reluctant to say when exactly they can be turned over to their Iraqi crews and skippers; but it is clear that they are in the last fitting-out stages of construction. Meanwhile the huge Italian industrial conglomerate that controls the shipyards finds itself also doing business with Iraq's foe, Iran. It is engaged in building in that country a big steel mill and a seaport, worth even more commercially.

PARIS *Mariage plus à la mode*

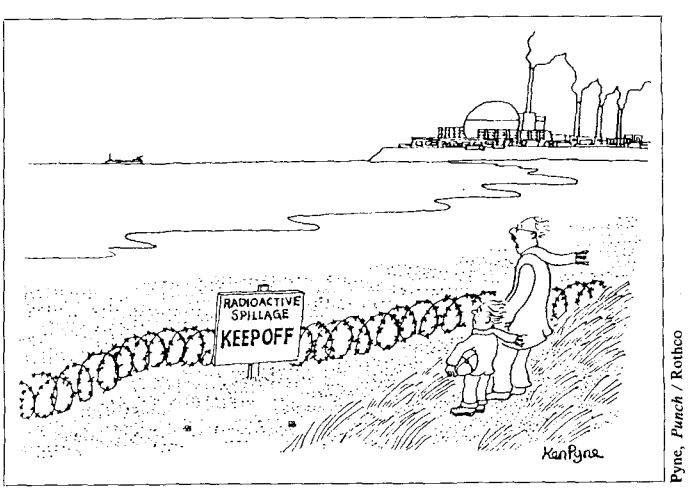
Benefit of clergy has been increasingly disregarded in many Western countries in recent years, but nowhere has the institution of marriage suffered a more dramatic decline than in the ranks of traditional French society. Until the last decade, French marriage statistics had shown stability for two hundred years. Then suddenly in 1972 the number of marriages fell by 25 per cent. This change is attributed by sociologists partly to changes in civil laws favoring single status from the aspects of both taxation and individual rights. But it also represents a profound social revolution. At the same time, divorces rose to a rate of one in every four marriages of less than five years' duration. Also up is the birth rate of illegitimate children, on whom there has been less and less onus of social disapproval. In fact the word "illegitimate" in this connection is no longer often used, and the traditional notion of the shotgun wedding has become totally obsolete. Parents no longer dare suggest separate bedrooms for their offspring's live-ins, and if there is the pretense of an "engagement" it is only to "please the grandmothers." In 1982, three out of four natural children were recognized by both mother and father. These data, drawn from official sociological and demographic inquiries, also show that a high divorce rate does not necessarily mean a diminishing birth rate, an age-old chimera in France. After having had two or three children with a legitimate spouse, a man or woman often wants another child by his or her new partner. The statistics conclude that although there are many more singles and divorcés than ever before, the French continue to live very much two by two. What has changed is the kind of couples they make.

SHREWSBURY *Junk Food?*

British pig farmers, beset by the high price of wheat and barley inflated by Common Market regulations, have taken to feeding leftover or below-standard convenience foods like chocolate bars and cornflakes to their stock. The pigs thrive on such provender, while the farmers make sure that the vitamin and protein requirements of their charges are maintained. Canned rice pudding, cocktail biscuits, and chocolate cookies of substandard quality are also ingested contentedly by the animals, which wash their meals down with beer rejected by the pubs. The pigs are said even to relish bacon-flavored potato chips, which the farmers buy at similar bargain prices. As for the danger of pigs eating plastic cake and biscuit wrappers, the Ministry of Agriculture says they are "quite capable of separating the biscuit out of the wrapper."

LONDON *Top Pot*

The second Earl of Warrington, who lived in the first part of the eighteenth century, had made for his use 11 chamber pots, each elaborately engraved with his coat of arms. One of them sold at auction here the other day for £10,450 ($13,585)—not surprisingly, the top recorded sale price for this category.



Pyne, *Punch* / Rothco

"Of course, when I were a lad, all this were minefields."

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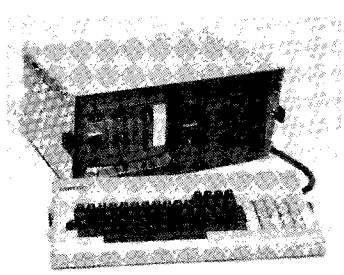

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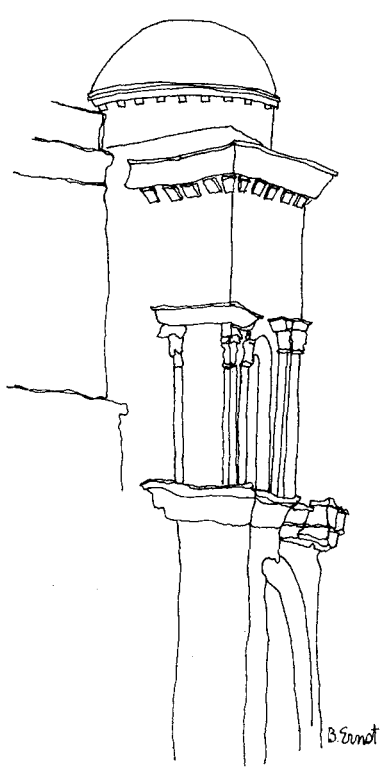
A QUESTION OF TASTE

M. E. Bradford

The Democratic Muse: Visual Arts and the Public Interest, by Edward C. Banfield (Basic, 244 pp., $15.95)

EDWARD BANFIELD'S new book is both an account of how the United States Government first got into the curious business of promoting the creation and contemplation of art, and a commentary on the theoretical confusion implicit in the history of that species of public spending. The philosophical muddle behind all federal adventures in the sponsorship of culture of course antedates the Foundation for the Arts and Humanities Act of 1965. But, according to *The Democratic Muse*, that legislation was a watershed, a point of transition at which our devotion to the heady dream of natural rights was expanded to include a right to make or experience the beautiful along with the true and the good: a translation and transformation of aesthetic contradiction into high policy and statute law. Banfield surveys carefully all the benefits that, according to the cultural bureaucracy and its advocates in Congress, follow from the support of painting, sculpture, and education in art by governmental largesse: "improving the image" of our country; "raising the prestige" of a given Administration; fulfilling "unsatisfied desires" to have a share in the better things; and fostering social peace by encouraging hope among the poor and self-esteem among the creative.

In the midst of this farrago of claims to different varieties of merit and utility is some notion equivalent to Rousseau's pernicious doctrine of the "General Will"—what the people would want if they recognized their own best interests and were restrained from interfering with those beneficent souls who intend to impose such perfections upon them. Art, by this construction, is both entertainment and therapy, both good in its own right and good for you. Finally, the mandate behind federal funding of culture assumes that a familiarity with art ennobles, that it is, in a tradition established by Matthew Arnold, a substitute for religious exaltation and food for the spirit necessary in a faithless generation: a piety with no ontology and no ethics attached. Beautiful objects (or structures of sound or language) are "holy," the products of "inspiration," as are the places where we collect or hear or display them. In Banfield's phrase, to "increase the quality and quantity of aesthetic experience" available to our countrymen is to create persons of taste, adepts in the modern cult of sensibility, and thus to provide a "positive reinforcement" for democracy by a leveling upward, shaping, out of *bouleversement* and satiety, a more inclusive cultural communion.



I can imagine no more potent rhetorical brew for clouding the judgment of mere politicians, nor any better formula for encouraging the minions of the National Endowment for the Arts in their "ceaseless effort to create an ever-larger coalition of interest groups and thus (an inescapable consequence of this) to give a constant impetus to the redefining of art." The trouble is of course that questions of taste and value are not susceptible of democratic solution, and make for especially stubborn problems within a regime organized out of an agreement on procedures, not principles: Only in a very aristocratic republic, a homogeneous society informed in all of its political decisions by veneration for an inherited "way," could voting produce anything more than an aegis for private, lyrical acts of creation or reception, "private art in public places." And, as Professor Banfield insists, the American regime is not of that kind. This truth about our historical multiplicity was clearly recognized by the Framers of our Constitution, who were generally suspicious of every kind of consolidation, including the cultural. But it is a truth that is now out of fashion, replaced by the idea that the state should solve our problems and attempt whatever a large proportion of its population wishes for it to do, even under a President officially committed to the restoration of limited government, and an NEA chairman, one Frank S. Hodsoll, appointed by that President. As we are learning, once the constituen-

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PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN SPEAKS ABOUT *NATIONAL REVIEW*

(The following are excerpts from the talk given by President Ronald Reagan when he attended the recent party to celebrate the opening of National Review*'s new Washington office.)*

"Today, we celebrate Washington's birthday, and I can't think of a more appropriate occasion to celebrate *National Review*'s heightened profile in the nation's capital. For if George Washington was the father of his country, NR has been the father of the American conservative intellectual movement. And it's only fitting, at a time when conservative issues and philosophy are finally setting the terms of debate in the halls of government, that NR has come to Washington in a big way. . . .

"Finally, I want to say just a word or two about your Editor, Bill Buckley. I've often thought, when I've been faced with memorandums from deep in the bowels of the bureaucracy, what I wouldn't give to have Bill as an interpreter. A fellow comes in, stands in front of your desk, hands you a memorandum, and he stays and waits there while you read it. And so you read. 'Action-oriented orchestration, innovation, inputs generated by escalation of meaningful, indigenous decision-making dialogue, focusing on multi-linked problem complexes, can maximize the vital thrust toward non-alienated and viable urban infrastructure.' I take a chance and say, 'Let's try busing.' And if he walks away, I know I guessed right.

"But I think you know that *National Review* is my favorite magazine. NR isn't my favorite only because it's fought the good fight so long and so well, although that would be reason enough. It's my favorite because it's splendidly written, brilliantly edited, and a pleasure to read.

"In fact, I honestly believe even if I were to suffer from mental illness or convert to liberalism for some other reason, NR would still be my favorite magazine because of its wit and its charm and the intellectual quality of its contents. . . .

"Let me just close by saying a heartfelt thank you to *National Review* for all you've done for the values we share and for sending reinforcements to Washington at just the right moment. I know that your heightened presence here will be an aid and inspiration to all of us in the movement in the years ahead. And just by being here you help make the nation's capital a little less of a puzzle palace and a little more like our town. So thank you. God bless you all."

Isn't it about time you *had your own subscription to* National Review*? Enter your introductory subscription now. Use the card facing this page and try NR at the special trial rate of 15 issues for only $14.95.* (National Review *could become* your *favorite magazine too!)*

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cies have been established, the momentum of misappropriation is not easily reversed.

Banfield is perhaps at his best in discussing the nature and history of the American museum. There are now more than two hundred of these institutions, most of them founded in the last century. Of their beginnings he gives a persuasive account. But the motives that originally inspired such collection and display of acknowledged masterpieces, or of various kinds of "applied, practical craftsmanship," no longer explain much of modern art—or modern responses to the artistic achievements of earlier times. Museums assume the social utility of art or the role of aesthetic experience in the "pursuit of happiness." They ignore the evidence that suggests that art may be "beneficial, injurious, or both": that, in the phrase of Jacques Barzun, it "can dignify and exalt the civilization that gives it birth and also weaken and destroy it." On the double-think involved in ignoring the ambiguity of our cultural self-consciousness, Banfield speaks with authority.

In his memorable *The Unheavenly City* (1972) Edward Banfield challenged the idea that government intervention in the problems of American cities was likely to improve their condition. The prevailing public reaction to his analysis was a cry of outrage. In *The Democratic Muse* (an oxymoron) he has done it again, "questioning whether government ought to provide subsidies to the arts and under what conditions." His answers, though understated and indirect, are: "Probably not"; and "Few." To the spokesmen of the cultural and intellectual communities these are not acceptable responses, though they are quite correct. For reasons Professor Banfield examines with care, only a circumstantial case can be made for the cultural Endowments. But only a circumstantial argument is necessary to sustain them—not a position concerning taste or aesthetics, art or the humanities. □

IN THE SLIPSTREAM

James H. Andrews

The Coercive Utopians: Social Deception by America's Power Players, by Rael Jean Isaac and Erich Isaac (Regnery Gateway, 325 pp., $18.95)

IN JANUARY 1983 *Reader's Digest* published an article by Rael Jean Isaac exposing programs through which the National Council of Churches channels funds to groups fronting for the Palestine Liberation Organization, the governments of Cuba and Vietnam, and radical movements in the United States and the Third World. Mrs. Isaac reported that most members of the churches that make up the NCC not only were unaware of the programs but, not surprisingly, would have opposed them, had they known the facts.

That article, prompting the second largest number of reprint requests in the magazine's history, was an early product of research conducted by Mrs. Isaac and her husband, Erich, into a far-flung nether world of radical activists bent on reshaping American society in their own ideological image. This book is the larger result of the Isaacs' prodigious efforts.

The radical activists are not, the authors argue, "a cabal of conspirators": They do not belong to a party or organization, nor do they constitute a movement in the usual sense of the word. Rather, they are united by a common disdain for industrial civilization and by a world view in which a corrupt and oppressive United States is chiefly responsible for every global ill.

These people occupy positions, sometimes prominent ones, in the environmental, peace, and consumer movements, in think-tanks such as Richard Barnet and Marcus Raskin's Institute for Policy Studies and its numerous progeny, on university faculties (academe, it has been said, has tenured the revolution), and in community-action groups, public-interest law firms, foundations, the media, and, as we have seen, church administrations. When political conditions permit, as they did during the Carter Administration, radicals have insinuated themselves into agencies of the Federal Government, from which tactically advantageous redoubts they sally forth with books, articles, Op-Ed pieces, legislative testimony, class-action lawsuits, and money to influence public policy along lines consistent with their often unannounced objectives.

Beginning, like all utopians, with the premise that most of the evils afflicting mankind are the products of an iniquitous system, these new-old reformers secretly embrace a social vision that, in its purest distillation, derives from nineteenth-century anarchism more than from modern collectivism. It imagines a society of decentralized communities and institutions, each small enough to be managed by those whose lives it affects in a kind of town-hall political and economic democracy. These utopians oppose most new forms of technology, as these generally demand centralized, bureaucratic management—a form of social organization that "dehumanizes" and "humiliates" the individual.

Paradoxically, this antagonism toward massive undertakings requiring centralized direction may also be an element in the utopians' persistent efforts to debunk warnings about the Soviet "threat" (the quotation marks are *de rigueur*) and to repudiate the need for a large defense establishment. But,

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whether as a result of this big-is-bad orientation or of an anti-Americanism bred of the elitist contempt in which many New Class opinion leaders hold bourgeois culture, the utopians and their camp-followers in the intelligentsia and the media are implacably hostile to the use—or even display—of military strength by the United States.

The Isaacs discount (probably rightly) the likelihood that most utopians knowingly advance Soviet policy objectives; the Soviet model of paradise, after all, is *passé*. They tend, rather, to be captivated by more easily romanticized social experiments in Third World countries like Cuba and Nicaragua. But, like their pro-Soviet forebears, the modern utopians adroitly manage to alchemize the seeming inconsistency between their Arcadian dreams and their admiration for violent exercises in social engineering. As the Isaacs observe, any social scheme predicated on fundamental changes in recalcitrant human nature is inherently coercive: "The visionaries of the modern anarchist paradise have accommodated their vision to a powerful central government, run by themselves, as an intermediate state"—an accommodation that "forcefully recalls the fate of other utopian visions, which, on the way to the withering away of the state, have created the most coercive state systems known to man."

If the utopians, with their Luddite antipathy toward technology, their indifference (or hostility) to national defense, and their cynical opportunism regarding democratic procedures, pose a genuine threat to the American way of life and the survival of free institutions, it is not because their views stand to prevail in the marketplace of ideas. The danger lies in their ability to advance their disguised agenda by positioning themselves in the slipstream of powerful movements mobilized to achieve less sweeping reforms. Citing chapter and verse, the Isaacs build a careful record of ways in which the radicals have piggybacked onto, and sometimes manipulated, these social forces, in particular the environmental, peace, anti-nuclear, and Naderite consumer movements.

The Isaacs believe that the first and most important step in thwarting the designs of the utopians is the fullest possible disclosure of their goals, methods, and sources of funding. The authors therefore regard their book as a kind of ideological impact statement. They are willing to trust America's future to the democratic process, as long as the purposes of all those seeking and exercising power in the society are fairly known. □

ZERO-SUM LIBERALISM

Joseph Sobran

The New Politics of Inequality, by Thomas Byrne Edsall (Norton, 287 pp., $15.95)

THOMAS BYRNE EDSALL has bad news—at least *he* thinks it's bad. The political system has moved to the right for structural reasons that would preclude its moving leftward again even if the Democrats were to regain much of their former power. Both parties are now oriented to the interests of the wealthy, the business community has wised up, organized labor is in decline . . . well, the liberal era is, for the time being anyway, over. As a liberal—a reporter for the *Washington Post*, by the way—Edsall deplores this state of affairs.

His analysis, I regret to say, is not all that persuasive. He wrote his book before the current recovery, which in itself confutes him: He accepts Lester Thurow's thesis that we are living in a "zero-sum" society, in which the aggregate of wealth can't expand, and he dismisses supply-side economics with a shrug. But if the Republican Party consolidates its power, it will likely be precisely because of factors Edsall doesn't take seriously. In any case, whether his reasons are right or wrong, the American Left's future is behind it.

What is most striking about *The New Politics of Inequality* is its intellectual complacency. In its quiet way it takes for granted that there's nobody here but us liberals, and it doesn't even bother arguing for the lib agenda.

Edsall quotes a single line from the Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal . . ." Which he glosses thus: "Inherent in the concept of equality, stressed by the country's [*sic*] founders, is the basic question of income and wealth distribution, permeating political decisions for the past two centuries at every level of government." Most governmental decisions have "distributional consequences," so that it follows, does it not, that the business of government is to achieve the best distribution of wealth. George Will argued somewhat along these lines in his most recent book, but for Will it was a lapse, not a way of life.

Edsall is not a stupid man; he is intelligent but rather narrow. It seems never to have seriously occurred to him that there are other ways of conceiving the role of government than that which has prevailed up and down the Eastern Seaboard for the past few decades. He speaks of a "fifty-year tradition" of federal redistributionism, and though he mentions conservative think-tanks as political forces he is interested in their budgets rather than in their ideas. He may not be an economic determinist, but money is about the only factor he takes into account. Yet he doesn't seem to grasp the nature of incentives.

He doesn't ask himself, either, whether a large number of people have simply decided that redistributionism has failed on its own terms. You can reach that conclusion regardless of your income level and class interest. Edsall assumes that his own views will be shared by a presumably detached, if not disembodied, reader, without explaining how such a reader comes by such views; I suppose by misreading the Declaration, or by intellectual contagion.

His "fifty-year tradition" is worth pondering. The characterizing activity of the modern state is the massive liquidation and redistribution of wealth. This activity is typically justified in the name of helping the poor, but it doesn't really work out that way. Rulers gain and hold power by creating the maximum quantum of beneficiaries, not necessarily in numbers, but in clout. If the rich learn to play the game, as they usually do, the idealistic socialists are in for disappointment. If the socialists prevail, the economic result is not just a zero-sum game but a shrinking aggregate that intensifies competition instead of eliminating it, as witness the bitter strikes in Britain and France.

The obvious way out of these traps is the expansion of economic freedom and the creation of new wealth. But this possibility doesn't hold much appeal for Edsall, who prefers to think of wealth as secured by the redistrib-

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ More August Titles: In *The New American Poverty* (Holt, Rinehart, $17.95), Michael Harrington argues that international forces, structural economic change, and a decline in compassion have created a new kind of poverty much harder to comprehend and defeat than the culture he described more than twenty years ago in *The Other America*. . . . *Top Drawer: American High Society from the Gilded Age to the Roaring Twenties* (Atheneum, $19.95), by Mary Cable, looks to be well-researched, well-written, and highly engaging social history. . . . Stephen Birmingham's *"The Rest of Us": The Rise of America's Eastern European Jews* (Little, Brown, $19.95) extends the author's researches beyond the more patrician German Jews who were the subject of an earlier book, *Our Crowd*. . . . In *Living in the Sky: The Cosmos of the American Indian* (Houghton Mifflin, $19.95), Ray A. Williamson, an archaeo-astronomer, examines the basic uniformity of cosmic worship indigenous to every native American tribe.

Our Own Worst Enemy: The Unmaking of American Foreign Policy (Simon & Schuster, $17.95), by I. M. Destler and Leslie H. Gelb, charges that domestic—particularly election-year—politics have resulted in wide and erratic swings over the years, and proposes for remedy the abolition of the two-term Presidency (they suggest a single six-year term), the formation of a centrist polity, and the banishment of "experts" from foreign-policy-making.

Rousseau: Dreamer of Democracy (Yale, $25), by James Miller, is an interesting work—part biography, part history, part political philosophy—that re-evaluates Rousseau's reputation as "the great democrat" of the eighteenth century.

Thelma S. Guild and Harvey L. Carter's *Kit Carson: A Pattern for Heroes* (Nebraska, $18.95) is an interesting biography of a man who spent his entire life on the American frontier—as trapper, Indian agent, and Army officer—and of whom the authors say that "fortune never smiled on a more deserving character." —CW

uting state. He allows that there are periods of expansion, but he sees no connection between these and a free market, and he assumes that they are things of the past. I suspect that even Thurow cringes at being cited now as the author of *The Zero-Sum Society*. For Edsall economics is statistics, not dynamics. There are haves and have-nots. He doesn't think of producers, inventors, creators. For him wealth is stasis, and mind only enters the system at the level of the state's distributional decision.

The result is a profoundly unimaginative book, in which even the implications of its own postulates aren't clearly conceived. Government simply decides; there is no such apparatus of surveillance and coercion as, in the real world, drives taxpayers to despair, a despair with real economic consequences. It never seems to dawn on Edsall that he is talking about forcing human beings to do things and threatening them with reprisal if they don't cooperate.

The author of the Declaration also said, "That government is best which governs least." By this he meant not only that laws should be kept to a minimum, but also that law should have a certain character, such that good citizens should want to abide by it, with the least necessary enforcement. Laws that eat up our earnings are not *felt* as legitimate, and the present tax system has naturally issued in evasion and furtive dealings on a scale that should, but somehow doesn't, remind us at once of Prohibition. Even Will, who says we are "undertaxed," has had a publicized scrape with the Feds over a tax shelter (disallowed), and I know an investment counselor who speaks with disgust of the rich liberals who seek his help in keeping their dough out of the clutches of the redistributionist machine. Such folk are evidently not, as the phrase goes, in touch with their feelings.

The greatest irony is that these advocates of robbery are so moralistic. How do they manage this? By the simple strategy of omitting *production* from all their calculations. The champions of redistributionism are not themselves producers. They are consumers who live off economic surplus and have devised an ideology that disguises their special parasitical status by treating *all* men as consumers. Productive people tend to look on others as at least potential producers. Useless people look on others as rival consumers. This difference has important policy consequences. Productive people look with favor on work, reproduction, immigration, expansion. Consumers who don't also produce favor redistribution, population control, immigration restrictions, regulation. If there is one powerful and sinister class interest in this country, it is the otiose class concentrated in Washington that speaks through the pages of the *Washington Post*. ☐

MANQUE

Wilfred M. McClay

An American Procession, by Alfred Kazin (Knopf, 408 pp., $18.95)

Judging from Knopf's promotional copy, you would think that this book's publication was the literary event of the decade. Mr. Kazin, we are told, ranks among "America's greatest and most influential literary critics," a man with "a depth of knowledge and understanding unparalleled among contemporary critics." (Not unsurpassed,

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mind you, but *unparalleled.*) *An American Procession* is "the brilliantly executed capstone of Kazin's already illustrious career," a book whose like we have not seen "since the time [*sic*] of Lewis Mumford, Van Wyck Brooks, F. O. Matthiessen, and Edmund Wilson." It will stand as "the most important study of American literature in our time."

These remarkable claims demonstrate that it is far harder to curb inflation of language than inflation of currency. Such literary tall tales can, in the end, prove even more of a disservice to the author than to the reading public, for he can become imprisoned by the inflated expectations his own promotion has engendered. *An American Procession* is actually a quite modest collection of rambling, loosely related essays on some of the best-known American writers of the years 1830 to 1930: Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Whitman, Melville, James, Adams, Twain, Crane, Dreiser, and so on. The book is not without interest, for Mr. Kazin is capable of clever turns of phrase and insightful personality sketches that make for engaging reading. Had the book's publisher not made such enormous claims for it, comparing its author to such eminent predecessors, it could have been dealt with gently and sympathetically, in the way we are accustomed to treating minor works.

But given the full orchestral fanfares attending the book's appearance, a conscientious critic is obliged to point out that Mr. Kazin has contributed absolutely nothing new to our understanding of these classic American writers. His view of each is tiredly familiar and thoroughly derivative, so that his book amounts to little more than a flowery rewrite of a basic American literature textbook, translated into his characteristically schmaltzy prose. Although the book has supposedly been twenty years in the making—one hopes this is an exaggeration—it shows no evidence of having resulted from a fresh and sustained reconsideration of the literature under discussion. Even the quotations employed as illustrative material are invariably the hackneyed ones that one always encounters in the secondary literature ("Things are in the saddle and ride mankind," etc.). And, what is worse, Kazin offers up these textual nuggets to the reader as if he had excavated them himself.

Excessive publicity aside, it is hard to guess why this book was published, and for whom. On the one hand, the heavily allusive style of *An American Procession* presumes too much knowledge of American literature and history to be suitable for an undergraduate or popular audience. But readers with the requisite background will also have heard, many times over, nearly everything Kazin has to say. They will not be surprised to be told, for example, that Emerson believed in the infinitude of the individual soul, was somewhat naïve and unworldly, expressed himself best in aphorisms and epigrams, and so on. They may be a little surprised by the excitement with which Kazin relates these discoveries.

Like Kazin's other work, particularly his memoirs *Starting Out in the Thirties* and *New York Jew*, *An American Procession* bears the unmistakable mark of the artist *manqué*. This perhaps explains why the book offers neither original scholarship nor effective popularization, for neither objective would be quite congruent with Kazin's rather more artistic aspirations. Instead, this book adopts the memoiristic style that has served Kazin's purposes so well in the past.

The memoir form often appeals to nonfiction writers who would like to achieve the deep and enduring resonances of fiction; it permits them to immortalize their experiences by casting them in the mold of History. But *An American Procession* goes yet one step further, for it offers American literary history delivered in the *manner* of a memoir. Thus, the biographical sketches that form the heart of the book have a tone of presumed intimacy; it is as if the classic American writers were the author's personal acquaintances. Emerson, he avers, "would have liked" the observations of Hans Küng; Thoreau "knew how to live"; Twain had the ability to make "anything he said" sound "right." Kazin speaks about these men in just the way he spoke, in his memoirs, of such contemporaries as Frost, Arendt, Jarrell, and Trilling.

Up to a point, of course, this is legitimate biographical practice. A good biographer thinks himself "into" his subject, just as an actor thinks himself into a role. Used in moderation, such language can enliven and humanize an otherwise staid and static portrait. But Kazin's excessive reliance upon such

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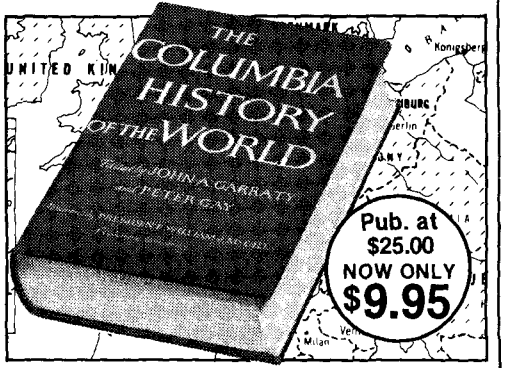

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diction has precisely the opposite effect, for it inevitably draws our attention to the biographer rather than to the subject. Just as a memoirist may wish to impress us with the important people he has known, and how well he has known them, so Kazin means to display his intimate acquaintance with great minds. "Ah, how knowingly Mr. Kazin portrays his Thoreau!" we are supposed to exclaim. But it is always Kazin's voice we hear, Kazin's wit we are being asked to admire, Kazin's verbal thickets we are forced to traverse—to such an extent that it is difficult to keep our mind on the subject at hand. Kazin ought to have remembered the excellent advice of his hero George Orwell, who told aspiring writers that their prose should strive to be self-effacing, as clear as a clean pane of glass. For in *An American Procession* our window onto a fascinating parade is forever being obscured by the ubiquitous fingerprints of the author. □

FICTION

IN SUSPENSE

D. Keith Mano

Him with His Foot in His Mouth and Other Stories, by Saul Bellow (Harper & Row, 294 pp., $15.95)

THIS COLLECTION is a spirit-wrestler: it fills the pericardial sac. Such chord-changing, such a rich stocked lake, such transfiguration: I should leap up and dance my praise. In five stories Bellow, our best manuscript illuminator, has thrown off more stylistic improvisation and bright elegance, more body English, than ten normal-good penmen could. He is star drift and Solomon's Song. Once again his redemption of detail from civic or personal history creates Chicago, place and emblem-place, as if it were the primal wellhead. Remembering, for Bellow, is a profound custodial event —not cheap nostalgia, no, the single human certainty instead. All else tends to *Americanization*: future-looking, groundless, half-afraid. "The principal characteristic of our existence is suspense," muses one Bellow person, Ijah. "Nobody—nobody at all—can say how it's going to turn out." Recollection, a careful anthropology of self, of ancestor, will bless and anneal.

I wonder now if the fine Jewish aptitude for fiction is, at base, religious—a *Kaddish*-saying, so to speak. In this collection relatives, dead and moribund, are venerated through some imaginative chronicle. Ijah, for instance, has become a cousin-preserver. (Until, with horror, he must realize that he, also, is just another old cousin. And that there may be no next-generation heir who will act as curator for his memory.) Relatives, father-relatives in particular, are like a troupe of kvetching incubi: kin can trammel and graveblanket you. For Bellow, indeed, remembering seems closer to propitiatory prayer than to mere narration.

And part of the immediate kin group, an uncle at least, is that distinguished, old, humanistic, philosophical, art- and logic-chopping Jewish tradition. These relatives were people who, as *children*, read Plato and Spengler and Kant and Marx and four hundred other important men I've never even heard of (Tzara, Carnap, Morris Cohen). *Him with His Foot in His Mouth* can be an intellectual *midrash*—on occasion heavier than drilling mud for that. Sometimes, I suspect that Bellow, so revered, still is afraid he isn't taken seriously enough. Fiction doesn't rank up there with *thought*, you know. Really he wanted to be Lionel Trilling (and Trilling wanted to be Bellow). With trolley tracks and Lydia Pinkham went a generation—European at heart, not yet American—that searched, if not for cohesive theory, then for some cohesive way of theorizing: from trilobite right through to Einstein. Without ever troubling a busy God overmuch.

But, in fact, the relationship between art and intellect is circular. Draw it clockwise so. Intellect ⟶ despair and frustration ⟶ sickness and/or death ⟶ crisis ⟶ art ⟶ intellect as interpreter of art ⟶ and back around again. A Bellow artist is usually someone who has experienced (or can strongly imagine experiencing) physical collapse. Major writers maintain brinkmanship of the spirit. Zetland, a precocious college assistant in symbolic logic, has, when sick, come across *Moby Dick*. Pure reason will be snow broth for him after that. "What really frees you from these insulating fictions is the other fiction, of art. There really is no human life without this poetry . . . I've been starving on symbolic logic."

In *Humboldt's Gift* (1975) Charles Citrine (a social critic and Bellow protagonist) made the point explicit. He said: "Artists must interest intellectuals . . . that's why the state of culture and the history of culture become the subject matter of art." Become: well, *became*. This artist-critic symbiosis is probably an obsolete formulation in 1984. Bellow came just after the Joyce-Eliot epoch: men who wrote for intellectuals because, in good part, there were enough of them to furnish and influence a decent, if modest, paying readership. But that circle has been broken by now. The brilliance of Ezra Pound et al. is proved in the brilliance of Hugh Kenner's *Pound Era*. Who would bother to write an *Updike Era* or a *Pynchon Era*? We have had some potent and labyrinthine academic thinkers in fiction—John Gardner, maybe —but their effort was without genuine reference, except ironic, to wider philosophical and social and religious tradition. If learned, it is all quirky, fantastic, subjective stuff. It won't preserve or extend a culture. It lives, as the daily human animal must, in suspense, that "principal characteristic of our existence."

So Bellow, I sense, is challenging, *auditioning* his ideal critic now: a Kenner, Wilson, Eliot. Perhaps there will be no taker of worth. Bellow has, I quote Ijah on a talented cousin, "too much Chinese in his cantos." Moreover, those who might produce *The Bellow Era* (and you can conceive of such a book) are contemporary, getting on. Critical kin have dispersed. Who will preserve Grandpa Bellow, in his humanistic and social and Chicago context, as Woodrow remembers a father, Ijah each cousin? Saul Bellow, it is commonplace to say, is our greatest living novelist. But, dead, he won't be a plate of kasha either. □

BELOW THE DAM

Paul Krza

Beyond the Wall, by Edward Abbey (Holt, Rinehart, 224 pp., $14.95)

IT IS EASY perhaps to dismiss Edward Abbey—novelist, essayist, naturalist, adventurer, environmentalist, and anti-visionary—as a heat-stroked eco-freak; and without doubt he harbors a pretty

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heavy bias against industrial/technological civilization. Thoughtful folk, however, may go beyond his rude, uncompromising exterior to marvel at his wonderfully sensitive, detailed, and colorful—in a word, compelling—descriptions of what lies "beyond the wall"; essays in praise of the desert, of "Eden at the dawn of creation."

For those who are willing to reexamine the stereotypical desert, or, better yet, brave enough to venture into the broad, bitter expanses, Abbey has secrets to share about "the kind of country that most people find unlovable." In his inverse world, wilderness —inhabited chiefly by scorpions, cougars, and desert rats—is civilization, "civilization" a wasteland populated in outrageous numbers by "*rattus rattus urbanus*, that highly specialized breed that thrives or at least survives on cement and steel, clamor and crime, gasoline fumes and the deadly double dry martini." In the desert, isolation beckons to contemplation, perhaps the ultimate modern luxury.

In these ten essays—many of which have previously appeared in print in the expensive picture books Abbey surmises only his "enemies" can afford —this incorrigible "natural conservative" pounds away at this and related themes. Humanity is destroying the planet, and something—anything—must be done to reintegrate the species with nature. The past is out there, Abbey insists; in the desert, far from the madding crowds. There, Abbey plots against the abuses of the present and for their remedy in the future: Drain Glen Canyon Dam and return to us the flooded canyons, the true glens; halt the road builders and put an end to the practice bombing and strafing runs conducted by the Air Force's "helmeted androids." (As readers of Abbey's novel *The Monkey Wrench Gang* will recall, the author is willing to pay any price, bear any detonator, to accomplish his nefarious ends.)

Beyond the Wall ranges from the more familiar deserts of the American Southwest and the Baja Peninsula of Mexico to the desert-like Arctic permafrost tundra along Alaska's Kongakut River; traveling with Abbey through these allegedly godforsaken, vulture-ridden, water-short places, one discovers an unsuspected hospitability in the formidably inhospitable (although there are admittedly episodes of high adventure, as when Abbey and his companions scramble from a gully barely in time to avoid the ravages of a flash flood, a common—and deadly—desert peril). The desert, Abbey wants us to know, is survivable, even inspirational; and while its "lilac twilight, maroon buttes, purple mesas, and blue plateaus" may not be in accordance with our more conventional, Europeanized standard of verdant beauty, for Americans suffering from the Teton Syndrome (for whom snow-capped peaks and mountain meadows are epitome and measure of natural gorgeousness) Abbey's perceptions of a more severe aesthetic are refreshingly different. He writes of the desert rat:

> Call the desert barren, harsh, bitter, dreary and gloomy, acrid and acid, lifeless, hopeless, ugly as sin, ghastly as the gates of Hell—he will happily agree with you. Because in his heart lies the secret belief that the awful desert is really sweet and lovable, that the ugly is really beautiful, that Hell is home. And if others think he's crazy, so much the better; he is reluctant to share his love anyhow.

Abbey's wanderings provide glimpses of the "radiance of the high desert twilight," paid for at the price of swollen feet and "sweating brains," despite frequent stops along the trail for contemplation and refreshment, perhaps to chew a carrot ("endorsed not only by Samuel Beckett but also by Bugs Bunny"). At night Abbey settles into the desert sand, scooped out to accommodate his body. Ah, wilderness! Ah, desert! . . . The "taste of freedom, the smell of danger." And yet—can the technological web be unwoven? Or have the howl of coyotes and the burning sun indeed unbalanced Abbey's mind? Though beyond the wall, Edward Abbey remains nonetheless within its shadow. Or perhaps a better metaphor is the dam—say, the Glen Canyon Dam—holding back the ever-rising waters of human expectation.

This collection is supposed to be the author's last word on the desert. But don't count on it, unless Technology swallows him up first. □

LIFESTYLES

THE HOMOSEXUAL ASSAULT

Ralph de Toledano

SHOULD homosexuals be keel-hauled? Should we pile up the faggots and let them burn? Or should we, like the Democratic Party and Walter Mondale, assert that aberrant sexual behavior is a civil right guaranteed by the First, Fifth, and Fourteenth Amendments? *Policy Review*, a publication of the Heritage Foundation, queried a scattering of conservatives and neoconservatives on this and other moral questions and, in the current issue, comes up with a shrug. Some of the respondents invoked the Biblical adjuration that homosexuality is an abomination, but most of them seemed to be in the thrall of a belief that sexual morality cannot be legislated, and shuddered at the thought that government might be peering through the bedroom blinds. Would they say the same about incest?

The argument is a seductive one. Statutory restrictions on sexual behavior are difficult to enforce—and who wants Big Brother to tell us how we should get our jollies? This, of course, begs the question and ignores prohibitions against other forms of behavior that take place within the four walls

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of a man's castle. Child abuse is one such. But what do our respondents, in *Policy Review*, say to this?

"I don't want to see homosexuals persecuted by the law or by society," Irving Kristol tells us. "But I believe it is the responsibility of homosexuals themselves to keep their sexual life as private as possible." Phyllis Schlafly objects to the efforts of a homosexual "political movement" to compel the rest of us to respect their lifestyle. But she adds, "Really, no one cares about someone's private sex practices. Everyone has a free will to choose what he wants to do."

Rabbi Seymour Siegel goes beyond that. "I think people should have the civil right to pursue their activities without hindrance from the state," he says. "My greatest objection to the gay-rights movement is its aim to legitimize homosexuality as an option that is morally no different from the conventional option." Representative Jack Kemp posits that homosexuality contravenes Biblical guidelines and is contrary to human nature. "However, we conservatives need to remember that the person, as opposed to his behavior, deserves compassion, not judgment . . . It is difficult to see, though, how the government could effectively prohibit such private behavior."

The Reverend Jerry Falwell states: "I don't believe that state punishment of homosexuals provides any answer whatever. I personally believe that homosexuals should be afforded total civil rights." As for the *Spectator*'s R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr., he washes his hands of the whole matter: "I am really not very interested in the subject any more than I am interested in heterosexuality or constipation. I'm really not interested in a person's excretions or secretions so long as I don't have to witness them." And M. Stanton Evans, though he counsels that we resist the notion that homosexual conduct is a civil right, argues that he is

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

DESPITE THE FURY—or perhaps because of it—with which "the Great American Gun War," as B. Bruce-Briggs called it, has been waged for nearly twenty years, only in the past ten has it produced careful, credible analyses upon which sensible political and bureaucratic policies might find some kind of justifying basis. Thus, as one analyst, writing in 1976, observed, "While the consistent failure of gun-control proposals to pass Congress has often been blamed on lobbying efforts of the NRA, part of the problem may be that the case for more stringent gun-control regulation has not been made in any scientific fashion."

Firearms and Violence: Issues of Public Policy (Pacific Institute for Public Policy Research/Ballinger Publishing Company, Cambridge, Mass.; $38; $15.95 paper), edited by Don B. Kates Jr. and with a Foreword by John Kaplan, is both a summation and a furthering of what has been accomplished in the field during the past ten years: an anthology of 12 articles covering such subjects as "Public Opinion and Intellectual Attitudes," "Gun Ownership as a Cause of Violent Crime," "Gun Ownership and Crime Deterrence," "Gun Ownership as a Deterrence to Despotism," and "Political and Social Aspects of Gun Ownership." "Frankly," Kates writes, "I have not asked, and therefore do not know, the positions of the other contributors on particular firearms policy options. It is fair to say that each of them supports the concept of 'gun control' in the abstract. But they tend to be skeptical of the extravagant claims that have sometimes been made for the efficacy of certain control mechanisms, and particularly of whether the benefits of moving from control to general prohibition would outweigh the costs." Nevertheless, and despite the reasonableness and balance of the book, there is no question that, by throwing into doubt so much that has been accepted in certain circles as axiomatic, it tells heavily against the side of the "reformers"—i.e., of the highly ideological wing of the gun-control lobby, which is to say the vast majority of that lobby.

THUS David J. Bordua, in "Gun Control and Opinion Measurement," argues that legislators are influenced not by hyperactive gun owners and the "fanatics" of the National Rifle Association but by majority opinion, which believes in curbing the criminal use of firearms but also in the right of private citizens to possess handguns for self-defense. Thus Gary Kleck claims, in "The Relationship between Gun Ownership Levels and Rates of Violence in the United States," that gun ownership causes homicide only when the owners belong to a statistically minuscule percentage of the population that is violently or criminally inclined. Thus, in "An Empirical Analysis of Federal and State Firearm Control Laws," Joseph P. Maggadino and Marshall Medoff deny that these laws have had any effect whatsoever in reducing crime; in fact, James Wright proceeds to argue in "The Ownership of Firearms for Reasons of Self-Defense" that the incidence of successful self-defense by citizens bearing guns is roughly equivalent to the incidence of criminal and accidental misuse of such arms. (In Orlando, Florida, between October 1966 and March 1967 the incidence of rape fell from 35.91 per 100,000 inhabitants to 4.18, owing to a widely publicized program in which policemen trained women in the use of pistols; the town of Kennesaw, Georgia, having passed—to national ridicule—an ordinance several years ago *requiring* every able-bodied noncriminal head of household to maintain a gun, has thereby reduced crime within its jurisdiction by *89 per cent.*) Thus, in the last section, three writers—two of them historians—consider the rights of citizens to bear arms as defined by the Second Amendment and its common-law antecedents, and find them justified.

In place of the polarized extremisms of the current debate on gun control, Kates suggests a "calculus" for an "ideal gun policy," to be informed primarily by what can and cannot in likelihood be done to prevent guns from being used by the dangerous 0.2 per cent of the population as well as what is and is not economically and bureaucratically rational. The problem, he says, is that until recently the discussion has been dominated by people who know nothing about crime (the pro-gun side) and those who know nothing about guns (the anti-gun side) —as well as, one is tempted to add, about people. □

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"not in favor of the government policing what people do in their bedrooms. But homosexuals should stay in the closet." In other words, do what you want just so long as you don't disturb the neighbors.

This, of course, will hardly satisfy the "gay rights" movement, which contends that homosexuals are entitled to privileges denied others—the "right" to a government job or a teaching job, the "right" to serve in the armed forces, and the "right" not to suffer the consequences of moral turpitude. It further contends that the homosexual lifestyle is superior to the heterosexual one, a view that finds some support in Plato's *Symposium*. It cites Alfred Kinsey's evidence that most men have at least one homosexual "experience" in their lives and holds up the psychiatric "finding" that everyone has a little bit of the homosexual in his hormonal structure.

But all of this evades a basic question: What is homosexuality? The respondents to the *Policy Review* survey do not even consider this. Yet the literature of sexology and the psychological research that accompanies it detail a wide variety of acts, attitudes, practices, and degrees. These must be assessed in considering the gravest consequence of homosexuality—that it destroys the family and eliminates the reproductive drive that must exist in any viable society.

In the completely monosexually oriented person, reproduction ceases. But there are people who for the most part lead non-aberrant sex lives, have children, and perpetuate the family—yet from time to time stray down the homosexual path. There are men who suffer from a kind of projected narcissism that manifests itself in a penis fetish. And there are others, like President Johnson's aide Walter Jenkins, who when under the influence of alcohol or emotional stress become the occasional passive partner in an act of fellatio, but who otherwise are 99 per cent woman-directed.

The practices of these non-total categories may offend our moral and aesthetic senses, but they pose no threat to the survival of the human race. Should they then be treated similarly by the law and by society? Should the sexual byplay in boys' schools be equated with the activities of the total homosexual?

The law, unfortunately, does not often make distinctions—and neither do the respondents to the *Policy Review* survey, whose sole solution is to send the homosexuals back to the bedroom. Having gained the approbation of kowtowing Democratic presidential candidates, the aggressive homosexual will not return quietly. It is not, moreover, what he practices in the privacy of his closet that is of greatest concern, but the lifestyle that he is making more prevalent with every passing day. Constantly at war with the values of the "straight" world, he lives in his psychologically askew and hostile enclaves, colonizes the work place, and, as so many case studies show, ceaselessly "cruises" in search of the uncertain or dabbling hetero. Timidity and permissiveness having given him the keys to the city, the total homosexual is a destabilizing and corrupting force that has turned such civilized and civil cities as San Francisco into political and hobo-sexual jungles.

Given the judicial frivolity of our courts, it is probably too late to counter political homosexuality with legislation. Its hold on the body politic can be broken only by the determined stand of *both* major parties and their refusal to be played off one against the other. But this can come about only when public indignation mandates it and the media respond by putting an end to their adulation of the gay-rights movement. At that point, if we ever reach it, no legislation will be needed. □

DELECTATIONS

LUNCH ON THE GRASS

Nika Hazelton

As I SAID last issue, my idea of a good picnic is one that I can fix at home, and need only carry and unpack at the chosen picnic spot. I am by no means insensitive to *summa cum laude* picnics, but they have to be provided by others, and more power to those valiant souls. I remember the grand picnics of my youth in England, when the cooks in the kitchens (please note the plural) prepared these feasts and stuffed them into the famous English picnic baskets (no plastic plates or glasses in these grandiose affairs), to be carried by the chauffeur. But all of this is gone with the wind, and what remains is the pleasure of eating out of doors with the least trouble to myself, and to my guests.

When packing for a picnic, be sure to keep all the elements of each course together. Appetizers, main dishes, salads, sandwiches, desserts, and fruits should be wrapped in foil first, assembled according to course, and labeled as such. This way, unpacking the food will be neater and quicker, and the food will not be too exposed to sun, sand, and/or insects. Admittedly, all the pretty foods spread out on a tablecloth as in the *déjeuner sur l'herbe* paintings look lovely, but if you want to do this, carefully survey your picnic spot first.

If you want to heat up a casserole, be sure to choose a kettle or casserole that will not crack over an open fire. Many attractive casseroles are made for oven cooking only and won't stand the direct heat of an open fire. If yours is to be a bird-and-bottle picnic, carve the bird at home, because it is easier, and wrap each piece separately. But if you take along a roast, keep it whole or the meat will dry out. Take a board and a sharp knife, and carve the meat on the spot.

Carry cheese in a hunk and leave French or Italian bread whole—it dries out very quickly. Fresh fruit is the best picnic dessert, to my mind, with plain cookies or a slab of bitter chocolate. Crackers, guava paste, and cream cheese are also good, but avoid anything creamy that will drip on you or go bad in the sun. And be sure to bring a lemon or two, because lemons are always very useful, if for nothing else than to make lemonade with the

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plentiful, cold water you must also bring along. Water is so often forgotten, but nothing takes its place when you are thirsty.

Finally, before I give you a few recipes that have served me well for my picnics, remember that you have invited people to eat with you and that you have the obligation to produce food at a reasonable time. If you can't, take my friend Norbert Muhlen's advice: "The best restaurant is the best picnic of *all*. If you like fresh air, choose a restaurant that has a garden."

Chicken Salad without Mayonnaise

About 4 cups bite-sized cooked chicken pieces
White Wine Salad Dressing
Watercress
2 hard-cooked eggs, cut into quarters

Put the chicken pieces into a big, deep bowl. Pour the White Wine Salad Dressing over the meat and toss to mix thoroughly. Cover the bowl and refrigerate overnight, or for at least 4 hours, so that the chicken will absorb the dressing. Garnish with watercress and hard-cooked eggs.

White Wine Salad Dressing

This dressing is excellent for cooked vegetable, meat, and seafood salads. It takes the place of mayonnaise, which, unless properly refrigerated, is apt to spoil when it is hot outside.

¾ cup dry white wine
½ cup olive oil
¼ cup tarragon or other light, mild vinegar
¼ cup minced onion
1 small garlic clove, mashed
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
Fresh or dried herbs (optional)

Combine all ingredients and blend them thoroughly. Mix with foods that are still hot (hot foods absorb better than cold ones). Yield: About 1½ cups.

French Rice Cake

Different and good, and it keeps well. This French favorite has proved popular with my American guests.

1½ cups mixed glacé fruits, diced fine
½ cup kirsch or brandy
1 cup long-grain rice
1 quart milk
¾ cup sugar
5 eggs, separated
¼ teaspoon almond flavoring
1 teaspoon rose or orange water (optional)
1 cup blanched almonds, chopped
Fine dry breadcrumbs
Fresh raspberries or strawberries

In a bowl, toss together the glacé fruits and the kirsch or brandy. Cover and let stand at room temperature for 2 hours or longer. Put the rice and milk in the top of a double boiler. Bring to the boiling point over direct heat, stirring frequently. Remove from the heat and set over water that has been brought to a boil in the bottom of the double boiler. Simmer covered over gently boiling water until the rice has absorbed all the milk—at least 30 minutes. Beat in the sugar and cook for 5 more minutes. Remove whole double boiler from heat, but keep rice over hot water, and beat in the egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Beat in the almond flavoring and the rose or orange water. Add the almonds and the glacé fruits and their liquid to the rice mixture, which will be on the stiff side. Mix thoroughly. Beat the egg whites until stiff and gently fold into the rice mixture. Generously grease an 8- or 9-inch springform pan and sprinkle the bottom and sides with breadcrumbs. Pour the batter into the pan. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (350° F.) for 1 to 1¼ hours or until the cake tests clean and is firm but not dried out. Cool in the pan for 10 minutes. Serve lukewarm or cold, with berries. Yield: 8 to 10 servings. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Arturo Toscanini, by Denis Matthews (Hippocrene, 176 pp., $17.95)

A new Toscanini book—and a good one. Denis Matthews, an English musicologist and concert pianist of repute, cuts through the zealotry to provide us with an exceedingly perceptive assessment of Toscanini's influence on the musical scene. ("The most important thing about Toscanini is that he made us aware of ideals and standards of involvement we should otherwise never have known . . . extraordinary gifts produced extraordinary results, causing one to reassess the whole nature and possibilities of the performer's responsibility to the composer.") Mr. Matthews deftly sketches in the hair-raising details of Toscanini's wildly tempestuous private life; he is especially strong on the conductor's association with the BBC Symphony in the mid-Thirties. Ray Burford contributes an annotated discography that, owing to a recent spate of activity in the Toscanini reissue market, is already somewhat dated. The photographs—Toscanini was the most photogenic of all great conductors—are especially well chosen. All in all, a very satisfactory (and eminently readable) pendant to the standard biographical works on Toscanini by Harvey Sachs and B. H. Haggin. TERRY TEACHOUT

Conversations with the Enemy: The Story of PFC Robert Garwood, by Winston Groom and Duncan Spencer (Putnam's, 411 pp., $16.95)

The return of the dead Marines from Lebanon last winter lends special irony to this account of one of their kind who returned from the dead—alive, in 1979, after 14 years of captivity in Vietnam. The work of two former *Washington Star* newsmen, *Conversations* has no bibliography or index and not a single photograph. What it does have going for it is a tightly reined objectivity and compelling narrative pace, particularly surprising in a joint effort. We are shown "Bobby's" abysmal home environment, his animal existence as a prisoner of war ("the only thing he found inedible . . . was anything dead over three days"), and the near-endless legal morris-dancing during his eventual trial at court-martial. We are left with little doubt that he was a turncoat, this toadying, noncombatant jeep driver who "had literally dropped out of his generation." But we are provided with a graphic reconstruction, based on "hundreds of hours of interviews," of how this came about. Those intrigued with military-intelligence techniques will find the aptitudes (and the naïveté) of the enemy interrogators revealing. They will also find shocking—and cautionary—the fact that Garwood's "Marine training had included no course of instruction in how to deal with such methods . . ." Without for a moment condoning his treason, a reader cannot absorb this sensitive reconstruction of his story and deny that here is a textbook example of human frailty reaping its sad reward. CURTIS CARROLL DAVIS

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KELLEY
(Continued from page 39)

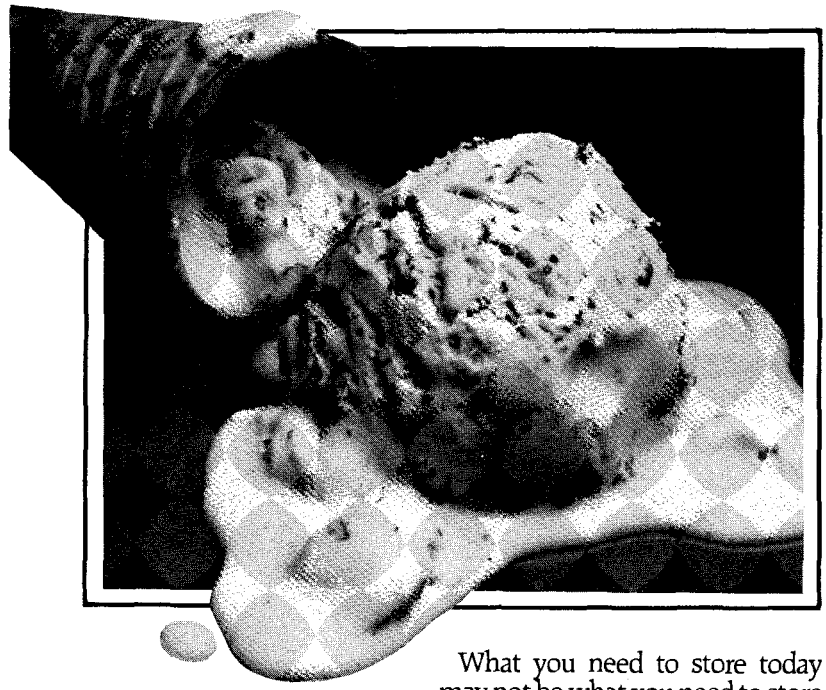
pain from the organization, however, since the purpose of the paid day off was to permit city employees to make certain that all faithful Democrats got to the polls, and to perform other services to guarantee that their districts came up with suitable majorities.

In view of the outcry, Harold finally did make a concession that had the effect of turning the dagger in the wound: Employees could have two hours off—long enough to vote without inconvenience, but not long enough to carry out their usual functions.

In the event, the primary went pretty much as expected. The Democratic machine and big labor produced for Mondale as promised. The black community expressed racial pride by giving Jesse a large recognition vote. Harold's hard work paid off with a pleasant number of delegates, but he did not make as much headway against the machine as he had hoped in the vote for ward committeemen. Between Eddie-people and Harold-people and Jesse-people and delegates pledged to Glenn and other presidential hopefuls who had long since dropped out, it was probably the most confused election on record, and many claimed they had no idea whom they were voting for. On election night Eddie popped up repeatedly on every TV network and always, with becoming modesty, insisted innocently that he had no idea whether he would remain chairman of the machine. It all depended on whom the committee voted for.

The ward committee meeting, a few days later, was reported as being noisy and acrimonious in a way it would never have been in Mayor Daley's day. Eddie won overwhelmingly, of course, and in city hall the numbers 29 and 21 were virtually unchanged. Eddie made public brownie points by cooing and offering olive branches to achieve unity, but Harold responded peevishly and talked of forming a third party before the November presidential election. With Harold and Eddie and Jesse groups and maybe a third party of disaffected old-guard Democrats, as well as the Republicans, it could be a lively election. But it probably won't happen that way at all. It will all hinge on the relationship, in the next few months, between Harold and his army of friends. □

Ice cream isn't the only thing that can't take the heat.



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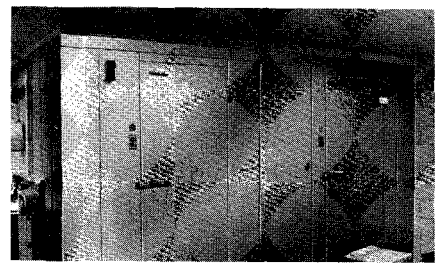

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MONDALE AT BAT

NEW YORK, JULY 11

THE TELEVISION news showed one of the political prisoners released by Fidel Castro and flown back to the United States with Jesse Jackson. He was tall, perhaps six feet. He weighed, oh, 110 pounds. He had been in prison more than twenty years. He had occupied, up until last week, a cell 8 feet by 12 feet and had been denied all reading material. He found it difficult to speak because the prisoners are not allowed to speak to each other on the apparently few occasions when they are within reach of each other's voices.

The Cuban was not asked whether he had been questioned by his liberator on the airplane on how he had been treated for twenty years. And that is the point. If Jesse had got back a dozen inmates of Dachau, a royal gesture of Hitler's magnanimity, the question before the house wouldn't be how glad we all are that 12 Jews got out of Dachau, but what in the name of God is going on in Dachau? We know from this batch of prisoners what we have redundantly known now for years and years and years, and this is that Fidel Castro is a sadist.

Jesse Jackson is evolving into something on the order of a moral monster. It embarrasses the Christian religion that he persists in drawing attention to his having been ordained. It is not possible at one and the same time to pass as a defender of human rights and social justice, and to applaud Fidel Castro. If Jesse Jackson is prepared to say that he wishes for America the kind of revolution Cuba has experienced, he ought to say exactly that. To suggest simultaneously that he cares for human rights and for Fidel Castro is to betray moral illiteracy.

Now what we have here is a national problem, and the first object of national attention in this case is, quite properly, the black people. The white Southerners who cheered the governors of Arkansas, Louisiana, and Alabama when, over a stretch of a half-dozen years, they identified themselves with the social and educational persecution of black Americans called forth finally a revulsion of far-reaching disciplinary reach. No one in the South nowadays who would seek public esteem this side of the Ku Klux Klan's would ask for a return to Jim Crow. But at least the white people of the South could be understood as simply defending the way things used to be.

Jesse Jackson hasn't done this. He has gone to an island dominated by one of the cruelest Communist satraps in the world and, notwithstanding the overwhelming case against this cretin, has embraced him, endorsed his regime, and wished him a long life in power. He is not showing the kind of historical patience and fortitude that, some would argue, made heroic the stoicism of Booker T. Washington with his racist countrymen. Jesse Jackson is reaching back toward serfdom and holding it up for all the world to admire. But Castroism, rejecting among other things the religion in which Reverend Jackson is ordained and persecuting those who practice it, beckons the world in the opposite direction from the tradition Jesse Jackson is publicly associated with: the Bill of Rights, and social justice. For Jesse Jackson to praise what Castro has done would be the equivalent of a politician's calling for the return of black slavery.

The first problem, I have noted, is that of the black people. It is hard for a black man to dissociate himself from someone who has kindled all that attention, and done so much to invigorate racial pride. But a failure by black leaders to act invites exactly what blacks have been struggling to free themselves from, namely condescension. What they should want least to hear is: "What do you expect of black people? Give them a Castro, or a Lumumba"—yes, Jackson praised him too—"and they'll go for him here just as they would in Uganda or wherever."

And the other problem is that of the Democratic Party. How prominently will they feature this terribly misguided man at their convention? Will they too show the condescension so generally shown toward a politician who, but for being black, would have been buried in the earliest snows of New Hampshire?

Something has to give. Mondale has an opportunity he may never have again. "I do not want the support of any American who sympathizes with the politics of Fidel Castro." That's all. Just that. □

PRIME TIME FOR MRS. KIRKPATRICK?

NEW YORK, JULY 13

HERE IS a report on what the folks in Washington would call a power play. It is both less than that and more, as we shall see. The central player, or better, nonplayer, is Jeane Kirkpatrick, U.S. ambassador to the UN.

The A Team (let us avoid tendentious hawk/dove-style designations) was bent on getting Mrs. Kirkpatrick as the keynote speaker. The A Team became quite ardent as the idea evolved in the imagination. For one thing, Jeane Kirkpatrick is a registered Democrat, and not in a purely formalistic sense—she was on the Democratic Platform Committee as late as in 1976. The last time the GOP had as keynoter a non-party-member was in 1952. General Douglas MacArthur. Imagine the political effect, the A Team said, of Jeane Kirkpatrick, spokeswoman for deracinated Democrats, the great Jackson (Scoop) wing of the Democratic Party, the tough-line internationalist anti-Communist party of Harry Truman and John F. Kennedy, inviting the voters of America to vote for Ronald Reagan instead of for that wimp who can't even say no to Jesse Jackson. Oh, the bombs bursting in air! From sea to shining sea! But I am obviously being carried away.

Now speaking of spokeswomen . . . Team A obviously added that argument, and it assumed a very important role in the general discussions with Team B—which was opposed to Mrs. Kirkpatrick in part because it didn't want an out-and-out hawk delivering the keynote, in part because (and hold on to your hats, because this is a very shrewd one) Jeane Kirkpatrick is not really a "woman" in the sense that the Republican Party needs to feature a woman.

How's that again?

Well, said Team B, take for instance Katherine Davalos Ortega. She is the

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Treasurer of the United States, whose signature you see if you examine your dollar bills. She is a real woman.

What do you mean, a "real woman"?

Well, Team B explains, Mrs. Kirkpatrick is so prominent, her academic and forensic careers are so distinguished, she has reached the point where people stop thinking of her as a woman: They simply think of her as a public servant. Even so, in England, people don't think of Margaret Thatcher as a woman, they think of her as the Prime Minister. In order to capture the affections of American womanhood, you need a keynoter selected because she is a woman.

So: Team B won the day, and Ronald Reagan invited Miss Ortega to keynote the convention.

But now Team A has reorganized, and what it will now settle for is quite simple: a speech by Jeane Kirkpatrick to the convention on prime time.

As everyone knows who has been at these strange tribal events, to be a speaker other than at a prime spot is an invitation to deliver a soliloquy. The only people who listen to one of the morning or afternoon speakers are the speaker's spouse and the designated court stenographer. In the evening, if there is sufficient preliminary ballyhoo, the convention would quiet down. They would certainly do that for Mrs. Kirkpatrick, or else she would give them a failing grade.

TEAM A is now adding an edge to its tone, in making its request. It is saying: Look, do you want somebody at the Republican Convention who believes in Ronald Reagan's foreign policy? Because if so, there is one outstanding person in the United States who defends that policy strenuously, eloquently, and even captivatingly. And that is: Jeane Kirkpatrick. The alternative, Team A says, is in effect to hide Mr. Reagan's policy under the rug, and change the subject when it is brought up.

Team B at this point goes professional. It would hardly do for it to profess dissatisfaction with the boss's foreign policy. So, instead, it starts talking politics. Mrs. Kirkpatrick would play into the hands of those who fear that Mr. Reagan's policies are leading us toward atomic showdown, blah blah blah.

A "power play," in the traditional sense, results in a player or a set of players winning or losing in political mortal combat. This battle is less than that, in the sense that the principals are secure. They do not stand to lose their jobs if they lose the choreographical argument. But it is also more merely than a power play insofar as it reaches down and touches the essence of the disagreement. Which is not about theater, but about national policy.

Team B wants Mrs. Kirkpatrick out of the way. Team A wants to weave her into the flag as the 51st star. I'm on Team A, if you haven't noticed. □

ON PRE-EMPTING THE CATEGORIES

NEW YORK, JULY 6

MANY YEARS ago when he was running the summer school at Harvard, Henry Kissinger spoke ruminatively about how the liberals in America have "pre-empted the categories." So, in international affairs, have the Communists pre-empted the categories.

It is quite dazzling to think that the Reagan Administration is actually on the defensive where intellectuals meet, with such policies as have resulted in the interest rate being cut in half and inflation cut by 75 per cent. By the same token, in the academic corridors in Europe and Latin America and the Third World, the United States is thought to be dragging its feet on the matter of world peace. We are held responsible for the Soviet Union's pouting.

Take, as an example of what the Soviet Union nonchalantly gets away with, the matter of Cuba. John Silber, the sharp-eyed and acid-tongued philosopher who is president of Boston University, spoke a while back to the American Legion and reminded that body that the agreement reached between President Kennedy and Premier Khrushchev in 1962 has been, quite simply, broken.

If your reaction is: How can that be? The Soviet Union has no missiles in Cuba—then you are proof, redundant proof, of how successfully the Soviet Union has pre-empted the categories. Because the agreement reached in October 1962 was only in part about missiles.

When President Kennedy issued his proclamation of June 23, he used the following language: "The United States is determined to prevent by whatever means may be necessary, including the use of arms, the Marxist-Leninist regime in Cuba from extending, by force or by the threat of force, its aggressive or subversive activities to any part of this hemisphere, and to prevent in Cuba the creation or use of any externally supported military capability endangering the security of the United States."

When Khrushchev capitulated, he didn't merely withdraw the nuclear weapons. He withdrew 10,000 to 15,000 Soviet combat and support troops, and all his bombers. By his deeds, he confirmed his acquiescence to Kennedy's terms.

What then happened, over a period of twenty years, was a gradual erosion of the Cuban commitment except insofar as nuclear missiles were concerned. As it happens, during those twenty years the need for nuclear missiles on Cuban territory has greatly diminished for the simple reason that Soviet submarines prowling our waters dispose of a far greater nuclear power than was projected for Cuba in 1962. But the other half of the agreement, to demilitarize Cuba, is spectacularly violated.

Cuba has now a standing army of 230,000 men (second in size only to Brazil's, which has 13 times the population of Cuba), the best equipped in Latin America, and rated by the experts the second most potent military power in the hemisphere. Why, if not to threaten its neighbors and export its revolution?

Cuba has a submarine base at Cienfuegos that threatens our water passages to the south. It houses a Soviet combat brigade. It has Soviet Bear (TU-95C) reconnaissance planes, which give way now to TU-95F, capable of anti-submarine warfare. Cuba's airfields, deserted by the Soviet military, pursuant to the Kennedy-Khrushchev agreement, accommodate Soviet Backfires. These are the nifty Soviet supersonic bombers that can fly nonstop from the USSR across the United States to Cuba. At first the Soviets sent some MiG-27s; replaced by MiG-23s. But catch this: Unless you are inside the plane itself, you cannot tell the difference between a MiG-23 and a MiG-27, and the latter is capable of supersonic delivery of nuclear weapons.

Why aren't we out there in the chancelleries of the world, in the United Nations, in the corridors of academe, demanding that the 1962 agreement be honored by the demilitarization of Cuba? Why isn't what's happening in Cuba, as distinguished from what's happening in Nicaragua and El Salvador, being discussed? Nicaragua and El Salvador would, but for Cuba, be fighting merely routine banana-republic Colonel-Gonzales-*v.*-General-Gómez-type wars—but for the violation of the 1962 agreement and all that this has meant in planned-in-Moscow chaos.

In Europe, it goes as follows: The Soviets deploy SS-20s. We back up NATO with Pershing IIs. The Soviets scream and yell and go home to mother. And we are blamed for intransigence. In the Caribbean, we make an agreement, the Soviet-Cuban axis violates it, which brings on a crisis in Central America. And we are blamed for it.

Sometimes it causes one to wonder, wonder, wonder. A Negro spiritual is relevant: Were we actually there when all this happened to us? □

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

NYC FEMALE, 46, quiet, studious, born-again Christian, long-divorced mother of six promising achievers, hard-working real-estate professional, wishes to meet strong-willed male believer to develop friendship and share whatever interests we might have in common. No anti-Semites. Write NR Box 3928.

MALE, 30, 5'7", considered handsome; marketing person. Interested in conversation, dining out, seashore, right-to-life activities, children. Seeks female with similar interests. Metro New York. Write NR Box 3926.

CLEVER BLONDE IN L.A. seeks attractive, witty fellow, 27-40, for fun, romance, and stimulating conversation. Should not be averse to horror movies, chili burgers, friendly insults, cats, dogs, cigarette smoke, or reality. Send photo! Write NR Box 3917.

HIP, MOSTLY ORTHODOX LDS male seeks sweet spirit who likes tennis, motorcycles, John Cheever, and Grand Master Flash. Recent Ivy Leaguer but wants to forget it. Write NR Box 3934.

YOUNG, AMBITIOUS NEW YORK *newspaperman* who likes Springsteen, Woody Allen, Hemingway, Twain, Edmund Burke, and the New York Mets seeks talented, attractive woman with hopes of fame, fortune, and a summer house in Maine. Write NR Box 3935.

NYC JAZZY BUT TRADITIONAL Catholic female who enjoys dancing, drinking, kibitzing, listening to baroque music, and wandering about in Italian shoes seeks tall, intellectual but fun fellow, 27-34, who doesn't mind that I plan to vote for Ronald Reagan. Write NR Box 3933.

NYC CHRISTIAN FEMALE, 23, Seven Sisters grad, likes life's simple pleasures—picnics, walking through New York, Shakespeare in the Park, chauffeured limousines, and an occasional splurge on an (unpretentious) movie. Seeks companion to share at least some of these. Write NR Box 3932.

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Miscellaneous

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TRANS-O-GRAM / SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Obstinate — 7 44 196 58 111 52 115 1 132 62

B. The consecrated elements of Holy Communion — 67 110 42 71 159 23 136 11 189

C. What a southpaw is (hyph.) — 59 77 200 12 66 61 105 137 142 161

D. What Paul wrote to various churches — 63 119 152 166 43 31 114 173

E. An opponent whom a person cannot best — 75 116 15 199 153 178 175

F. An annelid that burrows in soil — 90 104 179 192 158 32 36 202 25

G. The fireside — 113 3 19 143 151 53 64 70 87 97 103

H. The birthday of Katharine Lee Bates (2 words) — 122 41 51 69 109 129 145 148 8 170 5 176 193

I. Sickly — 76 82 86 96 6 17 45 49 2 24 73 118

J. A hymn by Henry Francis Lyte (3 words) — 146 198 56 81 92 112 120 154 149 195 203

K. A branch of our national-defense forces — 160 33 177 204

L. An imaginary line almost 25,000 miles long — 163 134 47 183 187 16 155

M. Conversational exchanges — 35 10 30 100 201 125 181 188 194 18

N. What those who offer prayer should observe — 101 55 80 37 84 65 130 172 26

O. Something that holds together — 91 4 20 46 54 40

P. A town and county in New York, on Lake Ontario — 131 38 94 168 88 27

Q. A county in Georgia — 135 98 139 72 50

R. Caudal appendages — 140 21 74 121 133

S. Talent — 150 169 39 182 93 126 57 185

T. Requirements — 197 60 95 83 128

U. Mistreating — 14 117 156 164 99 141 127

V. Brusque — 22 167 165 13 28

W. To answer a plaintiff's replication — 48 174 107 205 144 78

X. A pose — 68 79 102 171 123 206 106 138

Y. "Purple mountain ___" — 9 29 162 108 147 157 190 124 186

Z. Small groups of soldiers — 34 180 89 85 184 191

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 A	2 I	3 G		4 O	5 H		6 I	7 A	8 H		9 Y	10 M	11 B	12 C		13 V	14 U
15 E	16 L	17 I	18 M		19 G	20 O	21 R	22 V	23 B	24 I	25 F	26 N		27 P	28 V		29 Y
30 M	31 D		32 F	33 K	34 Z		35 M	36 F	37 N	38 P	39 S	40 O	41 H	42 B	43 D	44 A	45 I
	46 O	47 L	48 W	49 I	50 Q	51 H		52 A	53 G	54 O		55 N	56 J	57 S	58 A	59 C	60 T
	61 C	62 A	63 D	64 G		65 N	66 C	67 B		68 X	69 H	70 G	71 B	72 Q	73 I		74 R
75 E	76 I	77 C	78 W	79 X	80 N	81 J		82 I		83 T	84 N	85 Z	86 I	87 G	88 P	89 Z	90 F
	91 O	92 J	93 S	94 P	95 T	96 I	97 G		98 Q	99 U	100M	101N	102X	103G		104F	105C
106X		107W	108Y	109H	110B	111A		112J	113G	114D	115A	116E	117U	118I		119D	120J
121R	122H	123X	124Y		125M	126S	127U	128T	129H	130N	131P	132A	133R		134L	135Q	136B
137C		138X	139Q	140R		141U	142C	143G	144W	145H	146J	147Y		148H	149J	150S	151G
	152D	153E		154J	155L	156U	157Y	158F		159B	160K	161C		162Y	163L	164U	165V
166D		167V	168P	169S	170H	171X	172N	173D		174W	175E	176H		177K	178E	179F	
180Z	181M	182S		183L	184Z		185S	186Y	187L		188M	189B		190Y	191Z		192F
193H	194M		195J	196A	197T		198J	199E	200C	201M	202F	203J		204K	205W	206X	

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President Dwight D. Eisenhower
Annual Address to the Congress—January 9, 1958

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